

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Uganda: Butcher
on the block

Maclean's

APRIL 23, 1979

75¢



THE THIRD MAN

NDP leader Ed Broadbent





Crown your day.

Editorial

By Peter C. Newman

progression. A jealously private individual, he may be the only Canadian politician in living memory who has grown more cheerful on the stump. Not wittier, just more cheerful. (The difference is important. Wit is a device; cheerfulness an attitude.)

Macleans

Robert Altman: a Young Turk at 54

By Wayne Gregory

There are perhaps two dozen people in the tiny screening room at Lion's Gate Films, West Los Angeles, but the major characters in the small drama number four: there are executives from Twentieth Century-Fox negotiating, the fourth is film-maker Robert Altman, grey-bearded Hollywood maverick and creator of fresh, revision films like *M*A*S*H*, *Nashville* and *A Wedding*. Tension jumps heavy in the room as Altman, still by himself, has the Fox men outnumbered.

Having shown three musical numbers from his latest film, *A Perfect Couple*—his 10th in nine years—Altman is bawling with abuse as how to sell the movie, the stars (a rock group called Kerner "On Off the Street") and the concept. The Fox men are unconcerned while it's tough to face Altman in high gear.

"We could make a half-hour variety special with just the songs from this musical. We could place it as every TV station in the country."

"It needs no editing," mumbles a Fox man.

"These kids are gonna be celebrities!" shouts Altman.

The Fox men nod. "I think we should start doing to sell a 'Younger' series on 'Like a Party, a Premiere' shows stars arriving."

"We got a party," counters Altman. "We already did it. That's that."

"Any stars?" queries a Twentieth man.

A long and deafening silence ensues. Only the air conditioning breathes, as the Fox men wait.

"All right," commands the leader, "we'll have the TV guys come over and take a look at this."

A quick glance at Altman. He cuts that side-the-camera grin, speaks calmly.

At the moment, *A Perfect Couple* (review, page 56) is Robert Altman's favorite film. Acknowledging that it's as quirky a musical as you're ever likely to see, Altman is determined that it be given every promotional push, every bit of exposure that would enhance its chances of success at the box office.

Just a couple of months ago his three

latest work, *Quintet*, won his favorite Starq by the shocking reviews that greeted its release, disappointed by its appalling performance at the box-office. Altman now refuses to talk about *Quintet*, saying that further discussion won't change the situation. Not that any of this star's love, written or said about any of his films will ever change his own view of them. "I like 'em all," he says. "You name one you like and I'll agree with you. You like I like a film and that's your problem." The smile is broad, challenging.

Altman is a Hollywood maverick. Youngsters like George Lucas and Steven Spielberg slavishly adhere to Hollywood formulae and turn out blockbusters like *Star Wars* and *Jaws*. It's 34-year-old Altman who produces revision, uncompromising and daring pictures like *Caddyshoe*, *An Unlabeled Woman* and *M*A*S*H*. Altman works at a breakneck pace, finishing one film while preparing another in the midst of shooting next. A third *Quintet* director pleads total exhaustion if they complete a film over 18 months. And in an industry where the financing of your current project depends on the balance sheet of your previous film, Altman continues to make pictures despite the fact that only two of his films—*M*A*S*H* and *Nashville*—have returned any sizable profit.

If he wasn't such a good director, Robert Altman would make a helluva movie star. He has that aura, that ability to walk into a room and command attention. A big, hairy man, he seems to come battle with the spare tire in his waist. He is dressed warmly, with his children and a notorious eye for the ladies. He was dressed too big a risk for an American Express card until 1979. Altman celebrates life, the seasons, the emotions.

When asked about the unusual wisdom in the film industry, the view that says "Altman needs a hit," he shrugs. "People keep saying I need a hit, and maybe I do," he says, smiling on as he sits back in his left leg. "Well, do your film. How many? 'No,' he snorts. "They don't make enough to show a profit on the books or back to me. But don't kid yourself, they make money or we wouldn't be making 'em." Maybe so, but Twentieth Century-



Altman on *Quintet* latest during filming of *Quintet*: it's a matter of juggling

Fox, the studio currently distributing Altman's films, has tightened its grip on the reins. It's demanding script and editing approval these days where previously Altman made the decisions independently. Fox spokesman professes surprise and disappointment at *Quintet*'s performance but are tight-lipped about whether Fox plans to extend its relationship with Altman's Lion's Gate beyond the five films they have done together. The film is *Quintet*, a film about the battle-film industry and politics which finished shooting last month. But Altman is already discussing projects with United Artists and Paramount, one of them a film version of the Popeye comic strip which would star Robin (Mark) Williams as the sailor man and possibly Shelley Long as Olive Oyl.

Then there's the thorny question of scripts in Altman's films. Do they even exist? Legend has him improvising on the set, creating the film as he goes along. How can one studio resist this kind of process? Altman dismisses the legend out-of-hand. "I know how the picture's gonna start, how it's gonna end, and what the middle's supposed to

be," Altman warily insists. "It's a matter of enhancing that and not losing improvements by locking someone into something. It's working with the performers there, rewriting at the very last moment. Everybody just tries to make too much of it."

Still, the fact is he encourages contributions and actors love it. "He wants you to explore, he demands you pass as ideas," enthuses Carol Bernard, who joined the Altman repertory company for *A Wedding* and returned for *Health*. "What happens is you get a hunder with the norms of all the characters, you're whistled, and how they relate to each other. When it's time to shoot your scene, you're given pages of dialogue, maybe a day, maybe a week ahead. If you have any other ideas, chop in. He may say, he may say no."

Altman sees it as a matter of faith. "If you don't have faith in actors, you shouldn't be in this business. The less I impose myself on them, the better the work gets, constantly. And that's a fact."

The oldest son of a Kansas City insurance broker, Altman can't remember when drew him to film after a war spent playing B-Bits over the Dutch Bend, joined a company that made industrial

films and learned his craft from the ground up. By 1948 he had co-written two screen treatments for MGM and then spent the next several years trying to establish himself in Hollywood, rather unsuccessfully. A wide-to-order feature for a local theater (The *Quintet*) led to a 1967 documentary effort (The *James Dean Story*) which impressed Alfred Hitchcock, who took Altman to Hollywood as a director on his TV series. Altman cut a swath through television, directing episodes of *Knots Against the Wind*, *The Muppet Show* and *Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*. Even then he was a problem, doing such unconventional things as allowing actors to (heavenly) speak at the same time. He frequently rewrote scenes on the spot, in consultation with the players. And he was frequently fired.

It wasn't until 1969 that Altman was able to launch a career as a director of feature films when he made *The Cold Day* in the Park, shot in Vancouver with Sandy Dennis. This led to an offbeat project for Jags Productions, a film that had been turned down by 15 other directors. The *M*A*S*H* was a blockbuster, returning some \$40 million to date. As a relative unknown, Altman didn't participate in profits, neither from the film nor from the spin-off TV series. But his son Michael has made a small fortune in royalties for the lyrics he wrote for *Shirley's* *Polka*, then sang for both the film and TV series.

Altman followed up with a shower of films in different styles and of varying box-office success, the notable including *Melba* and *Mrs. T & Mr. M*, co-starring McGee and Thomas (he's the cruellest multi-track sound recording in process long used in recording music) in *California Split*, a deft essay on the gambling poker. Having worked out his bugs, he proceeded to juggle his early, middle and young adult principal characters in the incomparable, wildly hilarious *Nashville*. The rest, as they say, is history. Altman had become an important American Director.

That you will never hear that line from Altman is the joke in the essence of simplicity. "My position is one of constantly keeping a balance," he explains. "You have characters, a set, music, and all the elements have to be kept in balance. It's a matter of juggling those things."

Clasping the keys to the screens of this juggling act is the success of *Quintet* and collaborators that Altman has gathered. His senior staff has been with

REPORTAGE

The wisdom of Cho-Chu.



Mr. Leslie T. Cho-Chu and family of Agincourt, Ontario

In January 1978, Car and Driver Magazine called the Volkswagen Rabbit "The brightest kid in the class."

More than just flattery, this was a statement based on many facts. So, let's talk about the facts of why you should buy a Rabbit and do so by listening to someone who's sold on it: enter Mr. Leslie Cho-Chu, accountant, family man, and Rabbit owner since March, 1978.

WW: Just why did you buy a Volkswagen Rabbit, Mr. Cho-Chu?
Cho-Chu: I bought the Rabbit after I found out everything I could about all other cars. Shopping and comparing is always a wise thing to do.

WW: Mr. Cho-Chu, what about the economics of the VW Rabbit?
Cho-Chu: A car can't be good unless the economics are equally as good. The Rabbit is most economical to drive and uses regular gas.



When the rear seat folds down, cargo space opens up.

Facts support the wisdom of Mr. Cho-Chu's statement. Transport Canada's compari-

tive fuel consumption rating for the Rabbit is 8.0 litres/100 kilo meters*, for the Rabbit Diesel 5.4 L/100 km*. Being an accountant, these figures add up to Mr. Cho-Chu.

WW: Does the performance of the Rabbit stand up to the economics, Mr. Cho-Chu?
Cho-Chu: In a word, yes. A short, but very accurate comment. Because the Rabbit's one performing automobile. There's front wheel drive, a fuel injected 15 litre engine, rack and pinion steering for sure handling, and a four wheel independent suspension system for smoothness of ride.

WW: Is the Rabbit ride a comfortable ride, Mr. Cho-Chu?

Cho-Chu: It's most comfortable last year we drove all the way to



An ever-changing sign of the times.

Florida for our holidays. It was a long trip and a good test when you consider we had two little Cho-Chu's in tow.

The Rabbit's seats are a good example of what Mr. Cho-Chu is saying. They're anatomically designed to comfort the back especially on long journeys. There's ample headroom and legroom for four large adults and no space-wasting hump under foot. The Rabbit's cargo space is another big asset. It's 37.0 litres [13.1 cubic feet]. And, with the rear seat folded down, there's more cargo space than in most standard-size cars.

WW: What about the safety factor, Mr. Cho-Chu?

Cho-Chu: I find the Rabbit as concerned with safety as I am.

The Rabbit's safety features include a safety cell passenger compartment, negative steering roll radius that helps bring the Rabbit to a straightline stop in skidding conditions, a gas tank that's safely positioned in front of the rear axle, rear window defogger, and steel belted radial ply tires. All standard.



Childproof locks on rear doors.

WW: Mr. Cho-Chu, isn't it true you also own an Oldsmobile?

Cho-Chu: Yes, it is our second car. We couldn't get what we wanted for the Oldsmobile on a resale, so it remains with the family.

WW: Does Mrs. Cho-Chu drive the Olds?

Cho-Chu: I sincerely wish she would. But, I cannot seem to get her out of the Rabbit.

WW: Mr. Cho-Chu, could you summarize in one statement how you feel about the Rabbit?

Cho-Chu: It is the kind of car I would advise a very close friend to buy.

WW: Thank you, Mr. Cho-Chu.



The
Volkswagen
Rabbit
Don't settle for less.

VW Logo, Volkswagen and Rabbit are registered trademarks owned by Volkswagen A.G., West Germany. Registered use: Volkswagen Canada Inc. * Figures based on laboratory tests using approved Transport Canada test methods and conditions performed in a quiet room under steady state. Your fuel economy will vary depending on how and where you drive. Fuel economy is not to be used as a guide to your car.



him for years, and thus he's constantly working with people thoroughly familiar with his style. Tommy Thompson, who currently serves as executive producer, goes back with him to the days of television. "It's a relaxed process, a developed process," says Thompson, "but the attitudes are exactly the same. Does it work? Does it fit? Bob's never tried to stuff the words into somebody and then stuff them into a position just because that's what the script says. He's the most flexible director I've ever met, and I've worked with hundreds through the years."

Altman never stops working, and sees no reason to behave any other way. So he frequently works seven days a week, he drinks, talks and makes films. When he's not shooting, he prowls the halls of Leon's Gate, supervising the installation of new equipment, consulting with editors, overseeing the installation of artwork, and no doubt checking up on the kind of beans being purchased for the coffee machine. *Holiday* is a word he barely understands. "I've never done that. What would I do?" he asks. "What I can do for three days, not much more."

His third wife, Kathryn, an elegant and gracious redhead, has learned to cope with this workaholic in the course of their 19 years together. She visits the office/ret frequently, often with one or both of their sons in tow, coming right in with suggestions and suggestions. Still Altman has admitted that they live separate lives, but together.

"It's their life. It's recreation, social life, work, a whole culture by itself," is the way Montecarlo Rita Schaefer, guest-judge on *Quintet*, describes working with Altman and crew. "It's what they do 12 months a year, so they

Garnett in *A Wedding* and (right) Altman with a *Marlowe* award sandwiched film

try to make it pleasant." Indeed they go to great lengths to make the set honey. Cast and crew, stars and grips, all are expected and encouraged to speak up with ideas and contributions to the film. Scrumptious lunches, including steak, lobster and roast beef, are provided by chef Mickey Chasen, another Altman regular. Carol Burnett summed up *A Wedding* saying, "It was like summer camp. We all had our kids with us and we had a host. Best summer vacation I ever had."

As Altman set can also be a regular "hell riot." Perhaps the best example was the war of practical jokes waged across the Morley Plaza just outside Calgary, the setting for *Buffalo Bill* and the Indians. Altman's quarrelsome hostilities by Sling Paul Newman's trawler brought of popcorn Newman countered by turning 300 baby chicks loose in Altman's trailer, necessitating a thorough cleaning and airing after the roundup. Numerous other rallies were exchanged, including an exploded vermouth, but the place did remain intact to Newman. He stole Altman's prize pair of denim jeans, beautiful, beautiful examples of Indian headwork, and had chef Chasen serve them up on Altman's lunch plate—deep-fried.

Some find the camaraderie enjoyable, others find it exasperating. A few people who worked on *Quintet* came away with sour comments. "There were those of us who felt used. Contributions were made, accepted and used, but then put precious little recognition," was one complaint. Another commented the kindness. "Some people expected to be able to just drop by Bob's room for a chat, and found they couldn't. It was Bob's



COURTESY, MONTICELLO FILM

room, open to certain people on a regular basis, and others if invited. But nothing was ever said. It just got chilly if you weren't welcome."

The cocktail hour has descended on Leon's Gate. Tonight it's a toastback in celebration of the launch of *Quintet* and the final cut of *A Perfect Couple*. Buckets of red beer and white wine appear magically; guests are welcomed and effortlessly absorbed into the hattering conversation Leon's Gate is alive.

As Altman eases through the crowd, chatting from door to door, managing his fair share of the liquid and smoked refreshments, it's clear that this is the one place where he is truly comfortable. His guard comes down and the conversation to challenge others rises. He can even challenge his host about the growing Robert Altman septuagenarian. "I don't particularly like it. It limits me from having a lot of fun. I find myself coming into a situation and everybody changing their attitude, and I find I have to leave and that's no fun. On the other hand I'd rather have it that way than the other way."

On the occasions when he does talk about his work, Altman uses two metaphors. In the first he compares it to painting. "It's an expression of character and struggle." In the second he uses up the work process and its persistence as follows: "It's the manic-exile syndrome. You get a bunch of people together, and you say, 'Hey! Let's build a sand castle!' And you work all day long at it and say, 'Boy, that's some stuff!' when it's finished. Even as you say it you know that a wave is gonna come along and wash it away and you'll do it all over again tomorrow. It doesn't last." ☐

How in the world do you drink Kahlua?



Brown Cow
Kahlua and Milk

Black Russian
Kahlua and Vodka

Kahlua and Cola
over ice

Kahlua. The International Liqueur.

For some interesting recipe suggestions visit Kahlua Box MYA7, Station "K" Toronto, Ontario, M4P 2W8

HW1775-01

Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

Royal Reserve is proof that a great rye need not be expensive.

Light, mixable character and fine quality at a truly modest price.



Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1897.

Frontlines

P.E.I. gets a big thirst for politics



The issue has been hovering on Prince Edward Island for years, so the Draft Beer party is bringing it to a head this month by naming one candidate in the April 20 provincial election. Under campaign organizer John MacDougall, a 25-year-old Charlottetown lawyer, the new party is going to the people with a new-plate platform; make draft beer available on P.E.I.

Draft beer is not sold on this island, much to the consternation of many beer-loving residents like party's candidate, public school teacher Carl Campbell, 28. When someone tries to find out why, a 1976 government report is quoted. That report, on the purchase, distribution and sale of beer for Prince Edward Island, advises against the introduction of draft beer for five reasons, mostly dealing with the economics of transporting and storing the beer for an island of only 120,000 people. The party, however, rejects all these reasons.

"This is a hot issue," says MacDougall. "You can't keep it bottled up forever." Campbell, who will be running in Charlottetown, agrees with MacDougall that it's a freedom matter, rather than a very sobering one. MacDougall says he is not interested in being a candidate himself but prefers to pursue his main area of professional interest: beach-safety law. *Susan Staschuk*



This ad is only a sample of what you want to see.

A sample only whets the appetite. To get a real taste of what it's like here you have to be here in West Virginia to see it all. The spectacle, the arts, the jungles.

To find out what's going on and where, even how to get there, turn to our new 44-page, full-color travel book free for the asking. Find the historic sites, the caverns, the festivals. Then come and get your fill.

Send the coupon. And we'll promptly mail your free copy.

The Hills Are Alive.



State of West Virginia

John D. Rockefeller IV, Governor

For a free, new, sign-a-travel book with a travel guide, send to: State of West Virginia, Dept. 15047, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FREE
1979

Benson & Hedges Lights



"B&H,
I like
your
style."

BENSON & HEDGES
Lights
25
CIGARETTES KING SIZE

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: King Size: 12 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine.

Frontlines

Bethune: not yet ready for prime time

It is not just a long way from Gravenhurst, Ontario, to Peking. It is too far—at least for the CBC. The paradox that took Norman Bethune from his home town in Canada to China—from an osteoplastic surgeon unknown in his own country to a national hero, Pao-chia-er, revered by 500 million Chinese when he died in 1939, is an arc that obviously transcends national borders. But Canadians still find it hard to do up their imaginations about what Bethune did in his life. They can picture him speeding around Montreal in his yellow roadster, but going to China was taking considerably too far.

Last year the CBC drama *Bethune*, starring Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan, dramatized his life portraying the surgeon with his scalpel like a wild-eyed Chaplin at the piano, the emphasis was on his lifelong doomed love for Frances Penley, and Bethune went off to China like a man in retirement. The brief China scenes, showing Bethune operating on a soldier in the middle of the Japanese invasion, look as if Sutherland in tuckering Peking Duck in a Chinese restaurant. The effort is smaller than life—than Bethune's life, in any case. Now, the other side of the cultural divide will come crashing down when the CBC presents *Dr. Norman Bethune*, a feature film made in the People's Republic of China in 1964 and aired for the first time in North America this Sunday, April 26, at 8 p.m. With a Hollywood brand of innocence and character painted in the bright promises of a poster, the film shows Bethune as—horror—a hero. There are no psychological explanations, no craves again at the bottom of his commitment to the Chinese revolution. Rod Stewart, the author of three books on Bethune's life and a consultant on the CBC *Bethune*, is impressed by the film's accuracy. "They could have played up his heroic much more," said Stewart. The two-hour feature, starring American actor Gerald Torenson as Bethune, has both Chinese and English subtitles—a slight misstatement, but not enough to explain the ho-hum showcase



The doctor photographed in China and Peking: the heroic Chinese vision of Bethune in China, he rose, he conquered

the CBC has given the film, which was screened last year at the Chinese embassy in Ottawa.

"It's a pig in a poke, really," said CBC Assistant TV Programming Director John L. Kennedy, by way of explaining the sleepy Sunday afternoon slot. "This is an action film, an increasing cultural curiosity. Bethune has already been well covered." Well covered? By one belated drama in which Kate Nelligan's chaplains are more memorable than the Spanish Civil War (where Bethune made medical military history by creating a mobile blood bank unit). By a couple of post books and Donald Britton's *With Discretion*. Could it be that Norman the Chinese is still outside the proper radar for an expatriate Canadian hero, despite his belated, official rehabilitation by the government in 1972? "Yes," says Rod Stewart cheerfully. "Bethune's commitment still stigmatizes him in Canada."

A comparison of the CBC version with the Chinese film is fascinating for what the East chose to emphasize, and for what Canada left out. In *Kuo T'ing*'s heartfelt but hopelessly naïveté, awkward production, every extraordinary quality in Bethune—his compassion for politics, his inventiveness, his courage—is somehow defined by "psychology," his arrogance, his untidy love

affair, his Presbyterian dad. Bethune is depicted with a kind of recklessness, instead of a pure passion or, goodness gracious, a political conviction. The scene in which Bethune risks his finger on a scalpel, which led to amputation and his death, is played almost as an act of self-destruction, as Bethune plunges his bloody hand, and swells, into a wound while the Chinese nurse shames him. The Chinese film, however, strikes the facts in the opposite direction, showing Bethune wearing surgical gloves (ashley, according to Stewart). When Bethune contracts blood poisoning in his cat, his comrades fish out the steepled glove he was wearing and discover—crude fate—a rip in one layer. The Chinese absorb Bethune of my self-destruction, they free him of "psychology." They focus instead on what he did. In the first four months in China, Bethune performed 215 operations, set up 13 operating rooms, gave two training courses and organized mobile medical units. There are no vengeful love letters to Frances (although he does look off into the distance and say, "I long to see Montreal at dusk again"). The Chinese film sentimentalizes Bethune by showing him putting papers and tickling children, but it accepts Bethune as a man of action and commitment. Self-sacrifice is not a quality that has to be explained or counterbalanced with tragic flaws.

Bethune was an enigma. (He once said to a friend, "Lobby, to fry an egg, you must be an egg.") In the CBC *Bethune*, it is as if his empathy with people, not just soldiers or classes, is more acceptable as an eccentricity than as a rare and unashamedly heroic commitment. If the then-sympathetic Chinese could accept a foreigner's heroism, it's a wonder Canada will not. During the '60s, Mao's widow Chiang Ching-kuo supported the Bethune film. Here the CBC just hangs it out of prime time and puts it on Sunday afternoon. *Marni Jackson*



THE DARN NEAR PERFECT CAR.

"It's the darn near perfect car." We didn't say it, David Pearson said it. He said it to Brock Yates. In case you don't know, David Pearson is a Grand National Stock Car Racing Champion and Brock Yates is a former Editor of Car and Driver magazine, so they both know a bit about cars. And they both own Honda Accord Hatchbacks.

And that isn't all they said. Brock Yates commented further: "One contemplates an Accord and thinks, why in the name of Ransom E. Olds can't all cars be as neatly engineered? Here comes a manufacturer noted for motorcycles, portable generators and outboard motors that within fewer years than you can count on your hands builds a car decades ahead of many of

those built by people who've been involved with the business for half a century."

Their enthusiasm is not hard to understand. Unless, of course, you've never driven an Accord yourself. It is perhaps the best combination of luxury and performance that is available anywhere, at anywhere near its price.

An Accord's mechanical credentials are impeccable. It comes with front wheel drive, power assisted front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, 5-speed transmission and fully independent MacPherson strut suspension. All of which help make it a joy to drive.

Small wonder that some of the world's most knowledgeable car enthusiasts own, and love to drive Accords.

HAS A PERFECT PARTNER.

If any criticism of the Accord Hatchback was possible, it might have been that it was a 2-door and therefore not exactly suited to someone who might have a family. We're not sure if anyone ever made that criticism. However, if they did (and even if they didn't), we've answered it. Honda Accord Hatchback, the darn near perfect car, now has a perfect partner: the new Honda Accord 4-door sedan.

Both of the Accords share the same impeccable mechanical features. Both are exciting to drive. But the sedan offers you extra interior room plus the convenience of 4 doors.

Inside the Accord, you'll find yourself seated on fully reclining front bucket seats that are upholstered in warm, comfortable

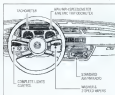
cloth. Directly in front of you, every Accord has extensive instrumentation that lets you know what's happening, when. Including lights that tell you if any of the doors are not closed, or if a brake light is burned out. And just to the right, is a standard AM/FM radio.

But the best way to discover an Accord's qualities is to go to a Honda dealer and see for yourself. Look carefully at the fit, the finish and the detailing of the car. Then take one for a test drive. Whether you're

interested in the hatchback or the sedan, we think you'll agree with David Pearson. Either one of them is the darn near perfect car.

THE HONDA ACCORDS

A new standard in luxury performance cars.



One of the big events of the summer in North Hatley last year was the landing of a 30-passenger lake trout on Lake Massawippi. It's that kind of town, a beautiful, bucolic resort community where nothing much ever happens. And if the seasons are quiet, then the winters—when the population is halved to some 720 full-time residents—are positively dead. Until this year.

Within a few weeks in February and March, the normally sleepy community in Quebec's Eastern Townships, long established as a summer retreat for Montreal's anglophone elite, was shaken by the realization that 50 per cent of its downtown properties had just changed hands. The North Hatley Blackmore Store, the Hak Noh Restaurant, La Rose aux Vents gift shop, Hake's and Casarier's Museum—all went to Arab businessmen seemingly acting on their own behalf. Excitement was multiplied by the next discovery, that behind every one of these transactions was one man, a Moroccan businessman who had quietly spent the last seven summers in North Hatley, Saad Gahr.

The rumor mills, the gossip mills, went into top gear. Some sensible locals were convinced there was some kind of scam going on, that this must be the first step toward Arab domination of Canadian business. As one and the same time, the town's gossip mills went into top gear. Some sensible locals were convinced there was some kind of scam going on, that this must be the first step toward Arab domination of Canadian business. As one and the same time, the town's gossip mills went into top gear.

But other citizens saw things in a more positive light. They've watched the decline in the numbers of visitors to North Hatley in recent years. The uncertainty over Quebec's future has taken its toll, and the town's businesses have deteriorated. While few businesses have closed, many had been for sale, with no takers. "Nothing has been bought that hadn't been up for sale," noted one local. "Then Hake's been trying to sell his museum for five years. Jack Gahr took up the Hak Noh restaurant three years ago." Still, even these people were told by the way the deal was consummated and the secrecy involved, with a Lanesville businessman, Howard Leslie, and an investment consultant from Ottawa,

The sheik of Massawippi



Gahr at home. If North Hatley doesn't want his vision, he'll go elsewhere.

Paul Van Vlack, acting for Gahr. The Gahr group remained exceptionally quiet as gossip and commination built for weeks. At a lively and sometimes heated council meeting on March 8, Mayor George St. Pierre told some 30-old residents that he had been assured by Van Vlack that nothing more than a face-lift would be carried out—no the time being. To guarantee that, the meeting voted to freeze all construction and demolition permits for three months. A committee of councillors and concerned citizens was established to review current bylaws to prohibit excessive development.

Finally, in late March, the Gahr group broke its silence and the mysterious developer, who had just returned from England where he spends a lot of

his time, began to speak animatedly and enthusiastically about his vision for North Hatley. "Canada is a country of great potential," Gahr expounded from his study but elegantly furnished summer bungalow. "We want to develop Canada while developing small communities. North Hatley will be an example for the rest of Canada of how a community can be developed."

Just last September, Gahr brought 20 of the Arab world's wealthiest businessmen to Montreal to interest them in a line of sophisticated trade commissions to his firm in marketing. Now he is willing to invest something like \$18 million to establish his centre of operations in North Hatley. First, he said, he would build an expert centre for the development of overseas markets and the promotion and sales of Canadian products. This would include an international exhibition hall and related service facilities—hotels, restaurants, shops. "People who come to North Hatley now can't stay in North Hatley. If we provide them with things that keep them happy, establish and build the right services, they will stay longer and spend more money."

The second stage is the development of a technology centre, including research and development labs to design and produce electronic products for overseas markets. Also planned are a centre to produce audiovisual aids to promote their overseas sales and a training program for technicians from Canada and abroad.

As well, there would be an investment company to provide short-term, no-refund loans "in such a way that no one in North Hatley will be out of work because he can't find \$2,000. Instead of charging interest we will participate with him in the loss or profits. We will invite people with ideas. This is the risk we have to take and that is how to develop a community."

Gahr, a resident Modern in his mode, was eager to dispel two misconceptions, first, that he is the thin edge of an Arab petro-dollar wedge—be successful

CLOSEUP



"We hear you."

When you have something to say, you want to know that someone's there to listen. Well, when you express concern about car insurance, we want to assure you that the private insurance companies in Canada listen and respond!

For example, some of you asked about car insurance premiums. Insurance companies found answers. As a result they may make suggestions for reducing your insurance costs.

If you can pay for small repairs yourself, your insurance agent or company may suggest a higher deductible on your collision insurance. If the value of your car has diminished, they may suggest dropping collision altogether. Both moves result in lower costs to you.

Private insurance also heard when you

suggested faster claims service. To make that possible, there's now an expanding programme of one-stop vehicle damage appraisal centres. These will eliminate the need for the insured to obtain two or three estimates of repair costs. Many of these centres are already in operation across Canada.

So keep on talking to us. We hear you. And we respond.

For more information, write to: Car Insurance Explained, Insurance Bureau of Canada, 181 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M5H 3M7.



Insurance Bureau of Canada · Bureau d'assurance du Canada

Representing private general insurance companies in Canada

THE NATIONAL FIRE DRILL

It took 4 hours
to plan
1 day
to drill

IBCF

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE GREAT DANE!

Peter Heering has been a Danish immigrant since 1885. Here are some exciting ways to enjoy it:

PETER HEERING and
Tonic over ice cubes
in a tall glass, pour
1 part Tonic water and
the juice of 1/2 lemon.

PETER HEERING
and Scotch over ice
cubes in an old-fashioned
glass, pour 1 part
Scotch Whisky and
1 part Scotch whisky.

MUTATUERE!
Chilled rumble from the
refrigerator to the
cocktail that brings out its
delicate flavor and
rich bouquet.



PETER HEERING

Enjoyed and appreciated in 144 countries

A weekend in Québec at the Hilton International Québec \$45.50

The Hilton International Québec
offers you a luxurious room for
only \$45.50 per person (double
occupancy) for Friday and
Saturday nights or Saturday and
Sunday nights. With a set menu.

bar in every room, excellent
restaurants and a heated outdoor
swimming pool. And there's no
extra charge for children sharing
their parents' room.



**Hilton International
Québec**

Offer valid until April 30, 1985 and subject to
extended availability. For reservations call your
Travel Agent, city office or CH Hotel or Cruise
Reservation Service.



Frontlines

that he's the sole sponsor of the proj-
ect—and second, that he wants to
change the face of North Hatley, where
he has spent his summers by choice for
seven years. "We want to do this while
maintaining the beauty of the area. We
need a clean environment for electron-
ics. Who said development means sky-



The Hatley Hotel who needs skyscrapers?

scrapers? We didn't say it. When
they think of development they look to
Montreal."

If North Hatley doesn't want Sand
Gable, he'll go elsewhere. Mayor George
Korby of Lachute, north of Montreal,
has already wanted Gable to offer his
town. Other municipalities in Ontario
and Nova Scotia have apparently in-
creased more than a passing interest.

Gable's vision is seductive. "I believe
that one day if North Hatley is really
developed the right way, everybody will
have the right house, the right car. It's
all to find somebody who needs some-
thing in the community we have sepa-
rated. We want a community that is
topped with cream and doesn't require
any more cream. Is that a good objec-
tive? Why don't we all work for that?"

There are skeptics who think it's all
too good to be true. For the moment,
North Hatley is effectively a company
town. Those who have sold their busi-
nesses are staying on for a year—and
some for longer—as employees. Just
how far Gable's company will change the
course of events for the town will de-
pend on the recommendations of the
hastily formed zoning committee, due
to be announced by early June.

Peter Hutchinson

NEWFOUNDLAND

Another world next door.

Ever tossed a killick overboard?

That's one, next to Joe Howland
there. It's an old anchor made of
branches and a boulder
tied together with a rope.
Joe can tell you all about
it. He went to sea as
a small boy and
has fished 20
his life.



The Original. Come join us
this summer. For a place that's
so different, we're unbelievably
close to the mainland. It's people
and you can pass. Drop in
for a quick stop. Visit fishing
and one of the oldest towns
in North America. Discover a place
where legends are still being
told. All in beautiful
Newfoundland, the original part
of Atlantic Canada.

For more: The Original Vacation Kit,
1000 St. John's,
St. John's, Newfoundland
and Labrador, P.O. Box 2016,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
Canada A1C 5B8



The Princes invite you to a wine tasting

Prince Blanc and Prince Noir are two of the most widely enjoyed French wines in Canada. You'll find the very same superb quality in all Barton & Guestier wines.

Barton & Guestier is world-famous for its many excellent French wines, a reputation carefully guarded by the strictest standards of quality control.

If you've enjoyed the two Princes, now's the time to discover other fine B & G wines. Consider this your invitation.

Barton & Guestier



Letters

The book of revelations

I thought *Maggie in the Marketplace* (March 28) was your best attempt, to date, to cloak gossip in the guise of news. However, I can find absolutely no news value in a two-column, color revelation of Adrienne Barbeau's (*People*, April 2) cleavage. Nor is a description of the how, what, where and why of her new craze. Furthermore, I am not interested in details as to where she purchased the purple peek around. The entire story is offensive, it is not news and I am sorry that, perhaps no longer surprised to see your magazine stoop to cover—or uncover—the latest scandal in the sex symbol competition. If I wanted to read about such non-events or view the latest set of celebrities to tarnish America, I would purchase the appropriate magazine. *Melton's*, it seems to me, should not be one of them.

LINDA S. MADOLENAS, OTTAWA

Beyond the boys of summer

I wish to correct some erroneous statements in *How to Stuff a Wild Rabbit* (March 19) which accompanied the cover story, *The Sex Sinners*. I am not, as stated, the founder of the Caribbean Tourism Research Centre. I was, however, in charge of the Social Impact Research Program since the inception of the Centre. The article gives the impression that my research (as a psychologist, not a sociologist) basically dealt with "Beach Boys". This is not true. I conducted several business relations workshops and was involved with various educational programs while in the Caribbean. However, the most important assignment was to research the attitudes of the people in some selected Caribbean countries toward tourism and tourism.

BURTUS TREVINO, TORONTO

He and sympathy

I have read Allan Petheringham's remarks on Joe Clark in *Politics in the Art of the Crowd*, *So the Liberals Have Seized Upon a Clever Play* (March 26), as well as on previous columns. I would like to piggyback keep it up. These remarks are beginning to engender sympathy for Joe, which should help in the election.

ALVIN DAVENPORT, NORFOLK, N.S.

Bismarck's red herring

In *The Retirement Countdown* (March 26) it is stated that the retirement age of 65 was established by Otto von Bismarck in 1884 because only four per cent of the population lived that long.



Barbeau: the how, what, where and why

How unfortunate that history is being rewritten in this fashion. This popular misconception was thoroughly investigated by Robert Myers, former chief secretary of the U.S. social security system. He examined the original text of the German law and found that the first extant old-age insurance system established by Bismarck had a maximum retirement age of 70. The retirement age was not reduced to 65 until 1916, during World War I, many years after Bismarck's death.

LAURENCE R. COWARD, TORONTO

No reasonable offer refused

In *The Men in the Grey Flannel Suits* (Feb. 26) the statement is made that I had declined an offer from the Liberals; partly to be a candidate in the federal election. I have seen this implied in the press before so I do not complain about *Melton's* repeating the suggestion. However, in fairness to the Liberals, I have never received such an offer, so should not be described as having declined.

J. ROBERT BLAIR, PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER, ALBERTA GAS TRADING UNIT, CALGARY

Born or abominable?

Recent articles in *Melton's* have reached a new low in their attitude and treatment of Quebecers. The Abominable Stewards: *Who Were Bookkeepers* (Feb. 12), on the Quebec carnival, is definitely anti-Quebec and tends to create a negative impression of the carnival. Contrary to what is stated, the Quebec government is not against the carnival and Premier Lesage himself carefully reserved carnival officials. I admit that the carnival had its share of misadventure, but nothing more than what occurs in similar events throughout Canada. As for *The Diplomatic Horser Show* (Feb. 26), you are definitely wrong in implying that Premier Lesage was drunk and that the Quebec government has "its fair share of tipplers and a few outright drunks." I sat next Premier Lesage and can assure you that he was not "in his cups" when he addressed the gathering. Such writing on Quebec will not, in any way, contribute to the strengthening of Canadian unity, for it should be based on mutual respect.

MAYOR JEAN WILLETTE, QUEBEC CITY

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Mailings, Box 1800 Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2E8

Name My correspondence

New Address

City Province

Postal code

☐ I wish to register my name in Melton's 1988

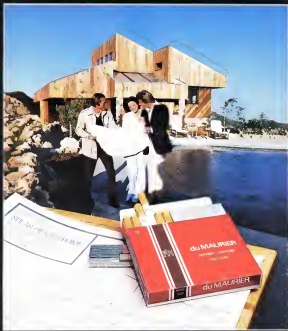
☐ I wish to receive the 1988 B&G Calendar

☐ Send me ☐ Send me ☐ Send me

☐ Send me ☐ Send me ☐ Send me

☐ Send me ☐ Send me ☐ Send me

☐ Send me ☐ Send me ☐ Send me



du Maurier
for people with a taste for something better



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked - avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: King Size 17 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine; Regular 14 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.

Letters

Nearer their God to them

I was most interested in *First-Church Weddings: The Ministers May Rebel* (April 2). In Holland all couples must be married before civil authorities and should they wish a religious ceremony, this can be done as an option afterward. As a result very few couples want to go to the double expense. Many clergymen have often said that they wish they had the Canadian situation, where the church plays a part in it all. I myself have performed many weddings where the couple has seen the church for the first time during the rehearsal, but I have never felt it a waste of time.

REV. RY SMITH, OTTAWA, ONT.

The lady with the lock

Having read *Mogane* in the *Marko* place (March 30), I feel the prime minister should be congratulated for the way he has handled his wife's constant embarrassments. I used to feel that Margaret was being severely criticized by the press, but her behavior in the past few years has merited every criticism. I agree with Shirley Howard that Margaret should not be compared with Lauren Bacall or Betty Ford. Namely because they possess an important quality that she lacks—dignity.

LESLIE H. ROBERT, WATERLOO, ONT.

Set 'em up, Joe

Having read *The Taxman Cometh* ... (March 13), I found that Joe Rosowski is a man I can identify with. Refusing to file a tax return until abortion laws are changed is something to be admired. I thought I had the spirit of my convictions, but this man has the courage.

JERRY W. ARLOFF, WILKIN, ILL.

In on a string and a prayer

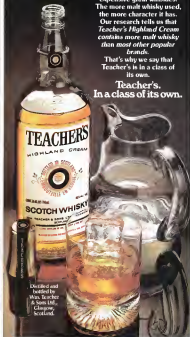
In his retrospective on *The Stronachs* (Jan. 29), Peter Newman called me the best of the *Stronachs* 'n' such, a professor at the University of Toronto. Claude Binell, called me a charming lad, but no leader, and in his review *For The Record* (March 15), of Springband's new album, David Livingstone called me names I don't choose to repeat. I tend to agree with Binell; my Free University of Toronto sincerely expelled the Stronachs and the real student leaders, Steve Langdon and Bob Koe among them, refused to be politically involved as ever. But then so do I. Professor Binell placed me in the romantic fringe of the movement, and here I sit. Thus, I think, is the real source of Livingstone's ire. Naom Reamer once said that there is nationalism of current and nationalisms of

Today's lesson is about malt.

Every popular Scotch is made from a blend of pure malt whiskies and much less expensive grain whiskies. The more malt whisky used, the more character it has. Our research tells us that *Teacher's Highland Cream* contains more malt whisky than most other popular brands.

That's why we say that Teacher's is in a class of its own.

Teacher's.
In a class of its own.



Distilled and
bottled by
Wm. Teacher
& Sons Ltd.,
Glasgow,
Scotland.

Your friends at Holiday Inn bring you the... SEMINAR VALUE-PAK

At Holiday Inn, we understand how important it is for you to get the absolute maximum for your seminar budget. So we've designed a special package to help you do just that. The Seminar Value-Pak, one low package price, at more than 40 of our hotels across Canada.

And that's only the beginning. All Inns have other packages, too, that are even more extensive — or we'll custom-design a package exactly to your personal requirements.

The Seminar Value-Pak. One more reason Holiday Inns handle more seminars and business meetings than anyone else in Canada.

The Seminar Value-Pak includes:

- Meeting room
- Luxury guest room
- Two coffee breaks
- Pre-registration
- Use of all hotel facilities (eg. free parking, pool, sauna, etc.)

-\$1750*

per person for
participating Inns
Expires June 30, 1979

*Price is based on double occupancy,
minimum 10 rooms for two nights, maximum 25
rooms. For single rates and other package
prices contact your local Inn.

Holiday Inn®

Participating Inns: British Columbia: Vancouver-City Centre (Marlborough), Vancouver-Broadway, Alberta: Edmonton, Lethbridge, Saskatchewan: Saskatoon, Manitoba: Winnipeg-Downtown, Ontario: Barrie, Brantford, Burlington, Cambridge, Chatham, Collingwood, Cornwall, Hamilton, Huntsville, Kitchener, Kingston, London, London-City Centre, Lower, London-City Centre, London-South, Oshawa, Oshawa-City Centre, Peterborough, St. Catharines, Simcoe, South Bay, Mississauga, Sudbury, Thunder Bay, Toronto Airport, Toronto West, Toronto-Isleworth, Toronto-East, Toronto-Downtown, Toronto-Dan Valley, Windsor, Quebec: Montreal, Longueuil, Montreal-Pointe-Clair, Quebec-City Downtown, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia: Halifax-Centre, Sydney.

Holiday Inn, No.1 in people pleasing.

Letters



Boston: the real source of the idea

style and I think there is something of each in our—Stringfellow's—work. I am aware that such things are not at fashion these days with some Toronto media people aspiring to the New York style, but live and let live, I say. I only wish that Maclean's had given our readers to someone who shared some sympathy with the premise and that might better judge whether or not we did a good job.

BOB ROSS, TORONTO

Costing out a cure

I must say that I "groined with understanding" the concluding sentence of Robert Stoll's article *Gang Through Hell, Travelling First-Class* (Feb. 12) on Gillett Manor, the alcoholism treatment centre in Victoria. An important point which he seems to have missed is that the facility serves certain productive members of our society who are prepared to spend substantial amounts of their own money to rid themselves of an affliction which has a detrimental effect on their productivity. If the treatment is successful and increases their productivity by as little as 10 per cent, society will be paid back many times the amount that it costs for the treatment. For many in Canada's missions and hospitals, the news that they can be cured anywhere at any cost or no cost to themselves might be greeted with total disbelief. However, those who have taken it upon themselves to enter Gillett Manor deserve the precise and support of society as a whole.

CE LARSON, BRITAINIA, B.C.



LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE

MORE MEN SMOKE IT THAN ANY OTHER



AMPHORA: 100% TOBACCO, 100% CIGARETTES, 100% CIGARETTES, 100% CIGARETTES

EXHILARATING



Express your individuality with 1979 Chrysler Cordoba.

You belong behind the wheel of this personal luxury car. Success looks good on you. And 1979 Chrysler Cordoba is a more beautiful way than ever of telling the world of that success.

Inside Cordoba there's opulence to pamper you. Even the option of real leather rides. A 5.2-litre performance engine powers this big, bold car. And

Chrysler's new Electronic Spark Control system helps make that engine fuel efficient.

Outside Cordoba, your individuality is expressed by dramatically sculptured details. And your personal choice of rich new two-tone paint treatments.

Drive Chrysler Cordoba for 1979. The experience is exhilarating.




CHRYSLER
CANADA LTD
New York
Newport
LeBaron
Cordoba

Canada

TV or not TV—that is the question

By Robert Lewis

Joe Clark was angry when the high-profile producer created a raw egg for his contrived hand at Toronto's Cedarlane College. Instead of hitting the lid, as he wanted to do, Clark simply handed the young man back and wiped his hands. Later, he reflected: "We almost had an event."

"Almost" was the operative word last week, as Campaign Canoe Camera ground into a third week of staged photo opportunities, sequestered leaders and scripted cheering crowds. Sitting back in Ottawa, a bemused civil servant observed: "What if they gave a media event—and so we care?"

In fact they did—in Sydney, Nova Scotia, where Ed Broadbent (see story page 26) spent the better part of a morning touring the infamous steel mill. Neither CBC nor CTV networks and an array of videographers that night, despite all the drizzle and sleet. The restrained play was reflected on television throughout the week, as many areas showed raw announcer read copy instead of taped reports from reporters on the road.

Perhaps, as a result, the widest quotient of the campaign appeared to be increasing Pierre Trudeau delivered an energy statement and undertook to increase grants for home insulation. Joe Clark returned to his proposal for tax deductions for mortgage interest payments and the party put out new extensions on the cost of some of Clark's campaign promises (see box overleaf).

The main story of the week, however, still revolved around what Clark would do enter a three-way television debate with Trudeau and

Broadbent, proposed for the last week of the campaign on CBC, CTV and Ontario's Global networks, followed by a studio discussion for the French networks.

The general impression left by the results was that:

Trudeau in Calgary, Clark in Niagara Falls, what if they gave a media event and nobody came?



AP/WIDE WORLD



AP/WIDE WORLD

fired was that a programmed Clark was lacking an unscripted, free-form encounter with the other leaders. And one top-ranking Ontario Conservative: "I think Joe Clark is a pretty good debater. I don't know what he's worried about!" In Ottawa, Clark aides spent the week-end and spent the rest of the week peddling their version of the "issue."

Trudeau insisted that Clark is ready to debate, one at a time, with Trudeau and Broadbent, which would require three separate debates.

The Conservatives feel that a three-way contest puts Broadbent on "an equal footing" with Clark, when large numbers of voters are undecided and that a two-against-one gauntlet would play to Trudeau's underdog-scholarly mystique. On Tuesday at week's end, Trudeau announced he wasn't going to put his fingers in his belt loops—and he didn't.

The concept of these head-to-head debates was first discussed in February and March, 1978, but was dropped when no election was called. With Stanley Cup playoffs crowding prime time, presumably the networks saw merit in keeping political debating to one night.

The suspicion reason for the Conservative position is that they believe they are leading and use no reason to risk any gaffes from Clark. Clark's handlers are betting that without him, there will be no debate. Don Ferguson, the CBC's acting news director, confirmed the impression when he told Morrison's: "It's obvious you don't do a three-way interview program with two men." As for staging the show with whoever is up at the studio, no-leaders reporter Ferguson replied simply: "That's a little rowdy. It sounds like maybe chair journalism, which the CBC doesn't do."

ELECTION '79

and Global affairs seem more concerned about hitting airlocks. Because the networks refrained the one-on-one debate proposal last week, the two private networks indicated they might go ahead without Clark. "I have no problem with that at all," said Global news boss Bill Cunningham. An advocate of CTV's Don Cameron, who was videotaping in Jamaica, explained, "I know Cameron wants to do this [debate]. Whether or not we participate with the CBC is another question."

The Conservatives had no intention of accepting the renewed one-on-one debate offer by the deadline this week. They are looking for their previous strategy. Privately, one campaign strategist is bitter about the "armaggon" of the networks which, he said, were more concerned about disrupting a format for their star journalistic performers on a panel. "I'm not," he vowed, "going to see Joe Clark go make [TV] since Philippe Legault said."

WHAT THEY SAID

Pierre Trudeau—Told about oil and nuclear energy. "It is a rather big job to follow and I only hope that those who fight with me [about] energy in Canada] project and overlaid roles for a proposed oil line to build the U.S. Atlantic along the Alaska Highway in Ontario, proposed a new Petro Canada division to promote alternative energy sources. Proposed taking home nuclear subsidies to \$500 from \$500 in 1980, but before 1981. Cited that Joe Clark is a yester, for the provincial premier.

Joe Clark—Doubted Trudeau's energy where as a man who attacks the people of the country while he attacks the problems. In Toronto, claimed that his most great production achievement was cutting the effective cost of housing by 20 per cent based housing costs to \$300 and create 100,000 new home construction jobs. Told CTV provincial Tory leader Vic Sheahan he believed only 100 to 150 jobs to be lost here. Said that the Liberals' record from Ontario Premier Bill Davis's attack on "The Deal in Calgary for saving, second and third."

Ed Broadbent—Dismayed Liberal plebs at \$50 million to increase Sydney Steel Corp. will as a vote. Buy off, then proposed \$150 million. Said a firm-way television debate is necessary. Told how he read under pressure. Told that independent opinion in Quebec he feared extending a gas line to Quebec and the Liberals to increase dependency on imported oil. Concentrated his fire on Joe Clark, questioning the presumed election leader as a yester.

Rene Levesque—Exposed Ontario leader Fabien Roy "between the lines" which could deliver Paris Outbreaks, organizers to play a role in Quebec.

Atlantic Canada: where bread and butter count



By Roy MacGregor

Cooper (left) and new partner Stuart Melness: a helping hand to Joe Clark

Edward Broadbent had other things on his mind so he sat, lesser blarney. In a red half-donkey down by the St. John's docks. Bare full of seagulls! He complained and pockets empty, the 25-year-old Newfoundland was acutely aware that the bloody booklet of red fingers in his back was as full as supportive as it was when he first came down. It might have been the price—\$17 a dozen—perhaps the cold. Whatever was to blame, it was not a politician. "I don't follow the election too close," Broadbent said, apologetically. "I don't make too much difference to me who's in."

But it sure makes a difference to the more than 180 candidates who are scrambling and biting their way toward the 12 federal seats the Atlantic region will fill on May 22. Given that the final electoral results may well be a tie, even the subtlest shift of one seat is generally

stable Atlantic Canada may decide a prime minister. So when new leader Ed Broadbent warned students in Corner Brook, Newfoundland, this past week to "behave of all politicians," he was passing on good advice. With both Conservatives and Liberal strategists saying they will win "more than half the seats" in the region, and the NDP lasting after a half-dozen more, it is clear that something has to give.

Down east, politics is more lifestyle than calling, and what plays is the rest of Canada often doesn't even go on. In the four eastern provinces, voters there care about jobs and prices and not much else. Walter Monksborough, a white-haired Halifax laborer, says he'll not for anyone "as long as they get lots of carpentry work." One current job in Ottawa changing the Elbowest Act on Cape Breton Island, which has a long history of opposition representation, will go to the polls the day after the next

of the country, so for once they will know how to vote. In Prince Edward Island there's even a draft their party, with one nominated candidate promising to bring faster to the lips of his constituents.

There are, however, also fears. "There's an awful lot of people literally opposed to Pierre Trudeau," says a ranking Newfoundland Liberal. "I think we could lose the election." The partly coincidental and recent announcements of \$4 million for Newfoundland roads, \$17 million for port expansion at Saint John, New Brunswick, and \$90 million for the deeply troubled Sydney Steel plant may help, but it is not paper gold that "God is a Liberal," as Pierre Trudeau recently told Nova Scotians he himself believed. Trudeau's saving grace is the east comes from the west and is called Joe Clark. "It's a question of leadership, isn't it?" asks William Marks, an apprentice machinist in Corner Brook, Tory at heart. Marks says he will vote NDP this time out. Howard Crosby, the 40-year-old in Halifax-St. John's, hands out brochures with pictures of him standing beside John Diefenbaker—with Clark in the background.

Of the half-dozen Atlantic seats that may change hands, the most intriguing is St. John's West where the NDP—encouraged by the party's first-ever Newfoundland victory in last October's by-elections—was seriously threatening incumbent Tory John Coombs. Crosby, a tough, witty man who has performed well in Ottawa since his arrival via a 1976 by-election, has taken to calling Ed Broadbent "the Monksborough Class" and "Broadbentism" to Pierre Trudeau's "Woodhouseism." In this singular case, names are perhaps more effective than sticks and stones, for the New Democrats have discovered fertile ground in Newfoundland's abysmal unemployment (perhaps 30 per cent in real terms) and are predicting three Newfoundland seats will be won as these names. Unity is simply not an issue there. "Newfoundlanders have an identity," says Crosby's opponent, Tom Maynard. "We're proud of it. Canadians are always out looking for one."

Mayo, president of the Newfoundland Federation of Labor, led by only 3,000 votes to Crosby the last time they battled and would likely be the first runner today. Were it not for his St. Hel's stand on last fall's postal strike ("Not on the same scale as Nuremberg, but comparable") and the fact that Crosby has made friends with the railway union workers by fighting to save Newfoundland trains. Crosby, incidentally, is not without his own risks. Having threatened Broadbent for the provincial Tory convention when his con-

stituents wanted Walter Carter to run. Carter, after all, had passed on the seat when he left federal politics for provincial. Crosby, however, maintains an air of modesty— "whistling through the graveyard," Mayo calls it—but will admit to playing for good weather on May 22. The NDP are, too, well organized for rain, he says.

The other focal point for election night will be Robert Stanfield's old seat, in Halifax. Stanfield barely won by 2,883 votes over Liberal Brian Fleming in 1974 and Fleming, a crime Trudeau aide, has been seeing an MP-in-waiting ever since. Right, early and an acknowledged expert in international law, Fleming might have been a shoo-in were it not for the Tories recruiting an equally bright lawyer named George Cooper, who was instrumental in helping Joe Clark to become leader in 1976. With Stanfield at his side and with a disabled campaign machine patched up, Cooper has recently pulled even with Fleming and may be slightly ahead. Fleming's main hope is that Trudeau, with whom he is constantly tangled in Halifax, takes off late in the campaign and cedes Fleming's star with him. Halifax's vice candidate, Alana McDonough, is a first-time prospect and, in fact, all three are inexperienced. All have been acquaintances for nearly 30 years. Alana's husband, Peter, is a law partner of Cooper's and a former Liberal worker. That only one sits in, in the words of a ranking provincial Liberal, "a three-way race."

For a while it was thought that Veterans Affairs Minister Don Macdonald might not be running again, but the P.E.I. minister accepted his campaign riding nomination last week from as a token handicap, ducking any hopes the other parties might have had of change on the island. "They could run him off and he'd still win," and a disgruntled NDP organizer.

The other ridings that may see a change include Saint John, where Tories are "extremely confident," reported Brian Stanfield for the provincial Tory convention when his con-



Following looking for Stanfield's seat

Liberal incumbent Michael Leonard. The Liberals would hope to balance out that loss with a gain in Cape Breton. The Stanfields, which opened up when the Liberals lured Tory incumbent Bob Muir into the Senate. Russell MacLellan, the lower the Liberals are backing, is up against a good pro-Canadian in Joyce MacGillivray, but the Tories privately admit that Cape Breton is not likely ready for a woman MP.

One will need that in currently developing in the New Brunswick riding of Moncton which, but previously produced the seat's sole independent in Leonard Jones. Jones, the Tory who was dumped in 1974 by Stanfield because of his anti-bilingual stance, had been credited the seat, by all parties, but suddenly dropped out for health reasons. Now no longer Gary Wheeler—who recently lost his Moncton majority when the Supreme Court ruled he had a conflict of interest—in seeking the 70-member seat and is thought to be popular enough to win, though it is not yet known how Joe Clark would react to his candidacy.

It will be no surprise, however, if nothing is made—not with the alien stakes of the Atlantic being as potentially crucial to the outcome. As a Newfoundland senior citizen said last week, "The break in Ottawa didn't give a continental for anything and voted. He didn't have to be in the East Coast to know that, but it sure helps."

Photograph by Donalbain. P.E.I. by Ed Levesque. (L) by Roy MacGregor

Leh. "Anyone can buy one and administer it," is a polygraph minister even though he has no training. No polygraph alone can tell you if someone is lying. It's a combination of the examiner and the instrument, so proper training is essential." The first Canadian polygraph training school is due to open in Ottawa in October, but it will train RCMP personnel only.

Peter Caele-Gordier

Saint John

An act of brotherly love

I was sheer coincides that 25-year-old Barry Armstrong got the bad news at Saint John's General Hospital that he had leukemia at the same time last month as a doctor from Seattle, Washington, happened to be making a professional visit. The visitor offered a ray of hope: since Barry has an identical twin brother, Gary, an operation could be done in which healthy bone marrow from Gary would be substituted for Barry's cancerous marrow. The problem was that the operation, which would be performed at University Hospital in Seattle, was expensive—somewhere around \$150,000.

"When they told us it was going to cost \$150,000 we just went weak for a moment," recalls the young man's mother, Mera Armstrong. But as the news spread through the Armstrongs' tiny village of Chatham, New Brunswick (population, about 3,000), friends and neighbors began to act. That night members of the Chatham Firefighters Association, to which Barry and Gary both belong, were on the telephone to local organizations asking for help. Two days later, on Sunday morning, March 18, the appeal went out from every church pulpit in the area. And by Sunday afternoon the Armstrong twins, their families and the family physician, Dr. Wayne Macdonald, were on their way to Seattle in a plane provided by the New Brunswick government.

Barry has been in Seattle ever since, while doctors wait for his blood count to stabilize so that he can have the operation. It will be a rigorous four-to-five-hour procedure and a severely sick, anemic patient the expensive, Gary-furnished Gary. "I feel, if it's going to save his life, I'll do anything I can."

The purpose of the marrow operation is to supply the leukemia victim with new blood-forming cells to replace the cells that have been destroyed. Besides his body with enlarged white blood cells before the operation he is treated with radiation and cell-killing drugs that are



Barry and Gary Armstrong: "If it's going to save his life, I'll do anything I can."

supposed to knock out all the cancerous cells, but the treatment kills the remaining normal ones too, which is why the transplant is needed.

The first step is a procedure to get healthy cells from the donor, using a hollow needle to suck the marrow out of large bones—and it takes nearly a liter for a given man. Next, the marrow is defatted and the cells that remain are injected into the donor intravenously. The new cells have an amazing homing mechanism that makes them lodge in the recipient's bone marrow.

Although the operation is painful, brother Gary will likely be discharged the next day. Barry, however, faces a fearsome hazard—the radiation and drugs will have temporarily wiped out his rejection-fighting blood cells. Unless carefully protected, he can fall victim to some bacteria or viruses that his system would otherwise shrug off. He also runs a risk of hemorrhaging because of the destruction of other blood cells important in clotting.

However, all the odds should be in favor of the push for whom the folks back home are pulling. His operation and subsequent recovery will be in the hands of Dr. Fred Appelbaum, who heads the Washington University team that pioneered the procedure. Success in such a case means that all cancerous cells have been destroyed and the transplanted healthy cells proceed to build up a full complement of normal bone marrow cells. While "cure" is a word

cancerous scientists never use in connection with leukemia, there is high hope of such patients enjoying a normal life span.

Barry's chances are heightened by the fortunate fact that he will receive the transplant from a twin, whose blood cells should offer a near perfect match. But if so, why doesn't Gary have leukemia too? Dr. Appelbaum explains that both twins might well have suffered the disease had it been contracted in infancy, for at that age the genetic influence are dominant. But by adulthood it's more likely a person will get leukemia because of some outside trigger—a virus, a chemical in the environment, radiation or perhaps just a random aberration in a single cell.

Meanwhile, back in Chatham, friends of the Armstrong family are raising money like mad. There have been benefit hockey games, dances, concerts and rallies. The locals got \$387 in donations in one evening and matched that with an equal contribution of its own. Mrs. Dean Smith gave all \$854 she took in at her carnival one day. In Fredericton two radio stations staged on-air fund-raising efforts. By last week the Armstrong Twins Fund had grown to more than \$64,000. That was still less than half the way toward paying the entire cost but New Brunswick health minister Brenda Robertson hinted additional help could be forthcoming under the province's medicare plan. Meanwhile, nobody could dispute Chatham's own Constable Vernon Bishop's observations: "Living in a small village is a big help at a time like this." **David Folken/Tim Padonose**

The glowing DC-9 jet on the tarmac at Ottawa International Airport last week told the story. It was Ed Broadbent's plane—at least for the duration of the election campaign. No longer would the leader of the New Democratic Party have to lumber around the country in an elderly turbo-prop, as David Lewis, Broadbent's predecessor, did in the last two election campaigns. Broadbent and the NDP—benefiting from the new election financing laws that they helped push through Parliament—are travelling first-class, just as the Liberals and Conservatives have done for years.

After several years in the shadows as Ottawa's third man, Broadbent is emerging in this election. While Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Conservative leader Joe Clark stamined through the first bout of the campaign, Broadbent was jogging uninvited along his own course. True, he is still third, a peevish Gallup poll showed NDP support from just 15 per cent of the voters—well behind the Liberals and Conservatives, who were tied at 41 per cent. But the good news for the NDP is that the poll was that the proportion of unde-

THE THIRD MAN

By Jim Lachy

clared voters had reached 35 per cent. It seemed increasingly likely as the campaign went on that those voters, turned off by Trudeau but not turned on by Clark, would give Broadbent a look, some of them for the first time. It also seemed likely that Broadbent, 52, the first NDP leader who never heard J.E.

Woodsworth speak and doesn't have his roots in the Great Depression, would appeal to the 18-to-31-year-old voters who will be going to the polls for the first time and who have voted overwhelmingly Liberal in the past. While no one expects Broadbent and the NDP to win the election, 30 seats—and the balance of power in the next Parliament—are definitely within reach.

John Edward Broadbent is a bundle of apparent contradictions. He is a socialist who admires the work of anti-socialist author George Orwell, a politician who distanced himself from politics as a university student, a chair-swinging, fast-driving flycatcher who lends at a reporter's suggestion that politics should be far from him in Oakville, Ontario, the home of General Motors of Canada, Broadbent is the son of a GM clerk and grandson of a GM millworker. Instead of graduating to GM himself, he attended establishment-oriented Trinity College at the University of Toronto, emerging in 1961 with an master's degree in philosophy. Along the way, he became a socialist.

After a square at the London School of Economics, where Professor Michael Oakshott, a British conservative,



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE CANADIAN PRESS



Broadbent and Lucille: the hidden asset

stimulated him but did not change his earlier views. Broadbent returned to the University of Toronto to get his doctorate in political science. He then joined the political science faculty at Toronto's York University. In 1960, when the NDP was cutting around for a candidate in Ontario, Broadbent agreed to run, partly because he believed in putting theory into action and partly because he was appalled at the way some of his academic colleagues had fallen courtship over books to love with Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the new Liberal leader.

Broadbent was chosen the NDP candidate in Ontario despite a landslide sweep at the nomination meeting and went on to beat incumbent Conservative Michael Starr by a mere 10 votes in the 1968 election. From then on, Broadbent's political career followed a tortuous path

that appeared destined to obliterate. He flirted with the ultra-left Waffle Group. Indeed, he is credited with giving that NDP group its name. But at the last moment he backed off, signing the Waffle manifesto because of its shrill rhetoric about "American imperialism" and its neo-statism on Quebec's independence ("I wanted a specific federalist commitment," he says). He then ran for the NDP leadership in 1981, offering himself as a compromise candidate between the Old Guard and the Waffers. Instead, he alienated both sides and finished a poor fourth on the first ballot. (David Lewis eventually won in a final-ballot showdown with Waffle candidate Jim Laxer.)

In 1971 leadership conventions was the low point in Broadbent's political career. But he recovered and held on to his seat in the 1972 election. Then, in the 1974 election, Broadbent increased his majority to 36,250 votes after his New Democrats, including party leader David Lewis, were losing. After that debacle, Broadbent assumed the post of interim leader of the shattered party officially by default. But the party officials were looking for someone with more stature, and even went to draft Rex Krimins, the former Liberal cabinet minister. Krimins rejected the overture, but Broadbent was famous and announced that he would not seek the leadership at the convention in July, 1975. The party, peace-stricken, crawled back to Broadbent on its knees and begged him to reconsider.

There ensued a tangle of war between the party and Broadbent's wife, Lucille, who did not want him to be leader. The party was, but only as the candidate that Broadbent be given worldwide

Togetherness is a thing called votes

Until Margaret Trudeau, or Meusem McTear, Lucille Broadbent has always stood away from the public spotlight. Choosing to protect her privacy, she has been widely unrecognized when striding Ottawa streets. But with President Tito, the federal NDP leader, she made the prime minister's decision to go public. Whether she's giving a friendly hand to a General Motors worker in Ottawa, remembering to wish him not only happy birthday but happy anniversary as well, or using her fluent French to good advantage in an interview with the Montreal-based magazine *L'Aspente*, the vivacious woman is best known in a political place. As one NDP activist puts it, "She's the best hidden asset we've had."

Even though the three federal party leaders have carefully downplayed "the Margaret factor," there is no denying the photographs. He was first recently appeared in the Toronto Star showing the happy NDP couple kissing under an umbrella in the sun only reinforced the notion that their eight-year partnership is a marriage that works. Broadbent's first attempt at using this to political advantage although he and his first wife, the former Yvonne Yankoske, were divorced after a brief marriage, in 1967. He wanted no trace of telling an Ontario NDP candidate "get together early in the election. You'll be happy to hear that just 24 hours ago, Lucille signed a contract in both official languages that under no circumstances will she publish an autobiography."

Though Lucille Broadbent, 42, often has outspoken opinions of her own, the former

nurse and schoolteacher is careful to cloak those views when campaigning. Instead, she's a dutiful public wife, she's wearing the heavy veil of discretion—a task not yet perfected, judging from a gaffe in Corner Brook, Newfoundland, last week when she suggested to a local newspaper that her wooden bench backlist might make a good purse.

Lively and enthusiastic about election wrap, Lucille plans to divide her time in Ottawa. One side she'll spend campaigning with her husband. Another part of the time she'll be in Ottawa tending to their two-year-old adopted daughter, Christine (who at home has her 19-year-old son, Paul, from her first marriage which ended in 1965, when

her former husband died). The rest of her time will be spent in Ottawa, campaigning on her own in the constituency. There at the local level, she'll be joined by other members of the club. Broadbent family, all with strong roles in the riding. They're mostly well-to-do white workers who fit right into the black and white work setting where even the bustling local hotel, the Glenvale—the name is a combination of Glen Valley and Ottawa—seems to reflect the city's character. When Lucille campaigns at the federal level some other family

Reunited with daughter Christine, might a wooden bench backlist make a good purse?



members, early emphasis in the constituency.

The campaign club includes Yvonne Cornish, Ed Broadbent's sister-in-law and sister of his first husband, who's a stock agent, and coaching a soccer team in his head quarters with a Santa orange club, after talking almost nonstop 12 hours a day for two weeks helping her brother. Sister Lucy, a strong new supporter. Co-sponsor, Mary O'Neil, who has long been involved in promoting her Ottawa phone in the early hours of the morning to help *CanadaWeek* complaints is also helping in her own way—by baby sitting Christine. Broadbent's younger brother David, who sits on the executive board of Local 222 of the United Auto Workers, he located union in the area in putting up "GDP" signs along Ottawa's Mainway. David's wife will be calling local supporters and their son will be out on the road. Broadbent's brother-in-law—a converted Stouffville hat. All add their part in an assortment of work, unless, friends and neighbors add up to keep a dream.

Despite the labor of love, mother Ed Broadbent's immediate family nor his wife have always voted her in the dark shadows of the past. His father and his first wife, who was usually voted Conservative. Lucille had converted for the Liberals before switching to the NDP in 1963. Her father was once president of the Ontario Liberal Association. But in 1969, a fine dozen heavily members reading in the riding recorded party loss when Broadbent first ran, and won twice—by only 15 votes. Though the NDP leader's mission, at least for reflection, are considerably better this time around, to the day David Broadbent highly speculates of that initial win. There were so many Broadbents who changed their votes that it might have been the difference.

Julianne Labrecque

What the NDP is all about

When Ed Broadbent and the NDP stand on the set-up

Inflation: Set up a Fair Prices Commission with power to limit bank credit and not wage increases bread and milk to bring down prices. Also a ceiling on mortgage rates and offer a tax credit to people already locked into high-interest mortgages.

Unemployment: Cut income taxes by \$15 billion for people earning more than \$20,000 a year and invest another \$1.7 billion in major public works projects such as railways and sewers to absorb the economy. Offer a long-term industrial strategy to re-activate the amount of product research and development in Canada.

National Unity: Accelerate the debate on language legislation and the contribution with perhaps some decentralization of government over immigration and commercialism, could

on an improved economy to strengthen unity. (A million out of work eat 100,000 as a nation.)

Monitors: Return to the pre-1977 system that required the provinces to submit to quarterly auditing of their income before they could receive federal grants. Cut the system to cover dental care, gasoline and drugs.

Energy: Keep Petro-Canada and expand its role. Increase oil prices at the present level and use the additional revenue to extend the national gas pipeline to the Maritimes.

Transport: Nationalize CP Rail, merge CP Air and Air Canada, and raise the transportation in the Province, create a market risk fund and nationalize the railway to allow municipalities and halt the construction of any new airports. Let the federal need for them can be proved.

External Affairs: Withdraw from NATO and withdraw troops and at least one per cent of our (possibly double the present level of 8 per cent) has been made with raised regions in southern Africa.

"In spend time with my family, listen to Basil, or read news." Krimins has established himself as a reluctant minister, Broadbent's very nearly being the leadership convention, closing out a fourth ballot win over Rosemary Brown, a little-known MP from BC.

Lately, he worked hard to restore the alliance between the NDP and the Canadian Labor Congress—an alliance that had been ruptured when NDP provincial governments backed wage-price controls. Gradually, his work began to pay off. The clincher came last spring with the election of Dennis Mackinnon, a Broadbent confidant and longtime advocate of closer ties between labor and the NDP, as president of the CLC. Now the CLC is promising to work as if never has before for the NDP and deliver the labor vote to Broadbent.

But, most important in Broadbent's campaign has been his inaction as a politician. His speeches, once boring and academic, have been merged with

a candor that is reminiscent of David Lewis. When combined with his high-pitched voice, the new style makes him sound almost shrill. "But better that than dull," remarks an aide. Broadbent has also learned how to dodge a question he doesn't want to answer directly. Thus, when he was asked about abortion last week at a Catholic high school in Corner Brook, Newfoundland, rather than simply state the party's position—abortion on demand—Broadbent noted that his wife and Focus Focus, the local NDP MP, are both against abortion.

In the first three weeks of the campaign, Broadbent has probably out-purged Trudeau and Clark, if only because he has made fewer mistakes. He seems relaxed on tour and his confidence

is clearly growing as the campaign progresses. He also benefits from a much softer press than Trudeau and Clark because most reporters are ideologically sympathetic to the NDP and like Broadbent personally. Unlike Clark and Trudeau, Broadbent, frequently referred as the same but as the reporters and trades guys with them. Asked last week if he would attend church Easter Sunday, Broadbent disclaimed. "The non-practising Druid." But, as voting day draws nearer and it becomes more and more apparent Broadbent could wield the balance of power, the questions will become tougher. Broadbent told *Maclean's* in January that he would consider a "mulligan" if factors in deciding whether to support the Liberals

or the Conservatives after the election if neither has a majority. These factors, he said, include the number of seats each party has, their share of the popular vote, and their willingness to adopt NDP policies.

These policies are heavy on economics and light on national unity. Last week, asked by *Maclean's* whether he thinks it essential that a federal cabinet have a substantial contingent of francophones during the Quebec referendum debate, Broadbent replied: "It would be advantageous, if that were the only question." Clearly, for Broadbent, the future of Quebec is not the only question nor even the most important question facing Canada at present. In a speech last week in Montreal, Broadbent said of Quebec: "The wants to decide its future because he does not want to discuss the economy." It could be easily be said of Broadbent that he wants to discuss the economy because he does not want to discuss national unity. ☐

The party that rose from the dust

It is something of a tradition for federal New Democrats to propose reforms, then grab Liberals to carry them out. Former leader Tommy Douglas, who retired as an MP in the election, once acknowledged the reality in a dangerous way: "I don't mind someone stealing my pyjamas, but he should wear all of them if he doesn't want to appear indecent."

As a movement, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) was born in the Prairie dustbowl and the socialist labor pact 47 years ago. There have been only five leaders. A scant 16 years ago—in 1961, when communist Gus Dagnan first flew into orbit—the CCF was transformed into the New Democratic Party. But its contribution to Canadian policy has been impressive.

From the celebrated 38-page Regina Manifesto of 1933—it called for the eradication of capitalism and was denounced by "all right thinking people" as a subversive document—major programs and concepts have become immutables in the Canadian

social health care, old-age pensions, family allowances, unemployment insurance, economic planning, central banking, public ownership, labor codes and farm price stabilization.

In the post-war years the party came to power in Saskatchewan, where for 17 years Douglas pioneered health care, rural electrification and state-run industries, it formed the official opposition in B.C., Manitoba and Ontario, it helped the national Gallup poll in 1962 win 39 per cent and elected 32 MPs in the vote of 1945 and subsequent by-elections. But after Mackenzie King's Liberals brought in family allowances and unemployment insurance in an era of rising prosperity and McCarthyism, the CCF was reduced to 13 seats in 1947.

Ever since, party fortunes have ebbed and flowed—down to a low of eight seats in 1958 when Douglas was obliterated in the Ontario election sweep, to a high of 31 seats in the campaign against "corporate welfare" in 1971. In 1968, Douglas led voters to "businessmen." The CCF has also won provincial power in three provinces (B.C., Saskatchewan and Manitoba) since 1969.

CCFers in 1933: Tommy Douglas, Angus MacIsaac, A.A. Heaps, J.B. Woodsworth, M.J. Coldwell, Grace MacIsaac, Grant MacEwan

but now holds only Saskatchewan. The founding spirit was Rev. James Shaver Woodsworth, a Methodist minister, jailed for joining workers on the march in the General Strike of 1919. Two years later he was elected to the Commons, where he emerged as leader of the small "Orange Group" of United Farmers.

Woodsworth, a Regina schoolteacher named M.J. Coldwell and Douglas, the Baptist minister in Wynyard, Saskatchewan, put together a coalition of farm progressives and attack-bulls from the League for Social Reconstruction, including McGill's Frank Scott and Eugene Forsey. It was a time when dust storms were blowing farmers off their spreads, when fence lines lugged water five miles to prevent dryness among starving farmers, when a outbreak of barley brought a nine-cent crash. In August 1932, the CCF was formed at a meeting in Calgary.

The party has come a long way since the days of the buggy. It has entered the chartered air and now employs at the lowest hours of the media hustle. Douglas admits that his speeches—his "gong" off to write his memoirs—and perhaps to redraw some of his last nightwear. "Now," he says with a twinkle, "I can argue with all those people who are dead and can't talk back."

Robert Lewis



World

Uganda: butcher on the block

The vote, held in style, was far, sensational. But the message sent a night of relief round the world: "From today," said the speaker, "the oppressive regime of the traitor Idi Amin is no longer in power. The liberation forces have appeared to all peace-loving countries to help the people in their cause."

Even more than the full last week of Kampala, Uganda's capital, that message—over the very transmitters he once used to twist and reviled the world—symbolized the fall from power of the country's 380-pound dictator. As the words of Lieutenant-Colonel David Oyugi Ojok, one of two colonels who led exile forces into Kampala alongside the Tanzanian army, echoed into history, the tyrant was baying defiance from a mobile transmitter in the general area of Uganda's second-largest city, Jinja, 30 miles to the east. But by the weekend, Uganda Radio reported that Amin had flown to "his Arab country"—presumably Libya.

His military position had been hopeless. Most of the 1,500 Libyan mercenaries who had helped hold up the "free" Ugandans and their Tanzanian allies were reported to have headed for home and Amin's own Kaka and Nubian troops' loyalty was doubtful. There were reports from eastern Uganda of

unofficial mop-up of pro-Amin troops by the local population and the liberation army provided by Amin's advisers. In Uganda last year was well on the way to completion after six months of campaigning.

Politically, too, Amin was almost



Joyal Ugandans taken to Lake George in Kampala, Amin (below) in and to take

without resources. With African and other international powers relying to a provisional government headed by 60-year-old educator Yussuf Lule, a respected figure since the final days of colonial rule, there was hardly anyone left to turn to. Little wonder that Kampala erupted in jubilation (swayed by outbreaks of looting) as the conquering troops took control of the city. It seemed but a snap to the end of the man the outside world loved to loath at—but who came to represent all that was evil in post-colonial Africa. Amin, among millions by declaring himself "conqueror of the British Empire" and "King of the Scots" and sending a "get-well-soon from Watergate" telegram to Richard Nixon. But British aid and, reportedly, David Martin was closer to the work when he declared that he had "less more to confirm the prophecies of the white racistist about the black man than any African in the past hundred years."

Beyond the border lay the butcher—remnants of the number of Ugandans slaughtered during Amin's eight years in power range in the hundreds of thousands. Amin was on a more embarrasment to his fellow leaders in the Organ-

lation of African Unity, the loosely knit debating forum of black African states which he chaired for one hard-fought year. But that was not so much because of his record as a mass murderer—too much blood has been spilled by other hands—but because his genius for publicity ensured that his designs received maximum exposure.

Those who saw him in action never ceased to marvel at the apparently effortless way he bullied his personae. For Idi Amin was, in fact, three men: the rough, bluff soldier-statesman, who could and did behave with some charm in public; the private libertine, who had nearly as many wives as King Henry VIII and once divorced a female foreign minister for a totally fictitious sexual offence; and the primitive savage who was said to drink the blood of his victims to please his gods.

At Uganda's independence in 1962, Amin was one of only two black soldiers

the British had seen fit to make commissioned officers, and after seeing control by overhauling Milton Obote in a military coup in 1971, he proceeded to maintain it, not just by brutalizing the population at large but by dividing and brutalizing his armed forces.

As a member of the Kakwa, a relatively small northern tribe of 50,000 in a country of 13 million, Amin was suspicious of the loyalty he could expect from an army dominated by larger tribes, particularly the Acholi and the Langi (Obote's tribe). As a Muslim he also foresaw difficulties in keeping power, since Muslims represented less than 10 per cent of the population.

His solution was to hire thousands of new soldiers, some of them Kakwa, some of them Muslim Nubian—descendants of a 19th-century migration from the Sudan and refugees from the 1960s war of separation against the Sudanese government. Carrying loyalty

among his new recruits by giving them businesses expropriated from citizens, promoting them to top positions within the military and importing rivers of alcohol and luxuries, Amin insulated them on a parage of the rest of his forces which left him unchallenged.

Grosser storms began to circulate about Acholi and Langi tribesmen being rounded up and exterminated. Contemporary accounts spoke of prisoners forced to beat each other to death, of people being hacked to pieces, disembowelled, blown up with explosives, suffocated in car trunks, burned alive, drowned along roads tied to Land Rovers, starved to death, whipped to death, gradually dismembered. "The harkies ones were shot... and then mutilated," said one account.

On the pretext of the ever present threat of invasion from Tanzania, to the south, where Obote had been given refuge by Tanzanian President Julius

Nyerere, Acholi and Langi soldiers were frequently ordered to the frontier. They seldom returned and it emerged later that they were systematically slaughtered by their Nubian comrades. The military sense, Amin turned on his religious and political opponents and, over the years, the Christian Acholi and Langi tribes suffered further systematic depredations.

The political savagery was complemented by economic mismanagement. Amin's own pockets bulged with U.S. dollars (illegally held under his own extrajurisdictional) and Ugandan shillings, and his recurrent orders to the central bank were a simple prescription for high-altitude inflation: print more money. When once-prosperous copper miners complained, Amin had their union leaders killed.

Complete economic collapse was predicted for a time by high coffee prices. But last fall they began to plummet and

the U.S. government imposed a ban on commercial dealings with Uganda, making it impossible to pay for much needed oil imports. In recent months, gasoline was restricted to official vehicles and farmers couldn't get their crops to the market. Refugees reported that government payrolls were not being met and that even the privileged military class was having to do without its loots. The shilling was down to a tenth of its pre-Amin value and the situation was so bad, one observer said, that the soldiers, who had become used to plundering the general populace when its pay cheques came through, feared there was nowhere to turn. There was nothing left to steal.

The decline within was paralleled by a similar disintegration in Uganda's relations with the outside world. In the months following his take-over, Amin was the darling of the British, who feared Obote's socialistism would harm

their local investments. He also took up with the Israelis, who were looking for friends in black Africa to counteract Arab hostility.

Amin alienated both, first by shipping more than 90,000 Africans to Britain in 1972, on the grounds that they were undermining the Ugandan economy, and, in the case of the Israelis, by denying he could secure a better military and economic arrangement with Libya and other Arab states.

Declaring that Hitler had been right all along about the Jews, Amin continued the Libyan line that he was going to set up an Islamic state, in spite of Uganda's seventy Muslim population. Though Saudi Arabia and Egypt soon fed of him, Libya's Colonel Muammar Khadafi remained faithful until the moment, this month, when the last Libyan mercenaries flew home in the face of heavy losses and the Tanzanian advance.

The relationship was not without its

CL-215 aircraft purchased by Venezuela.

- Water bombers
- Built by Canadian to combat forest fires.
- Sold abroad along with spare parts and services.
- Financed under long-term loans arranged by EDC.
- Providing jobs at Canadair and its Canadian suppliers.

THE EXPORT EDGE

EXPORTS MEAN JOBS

Export Development Corporation

A commercial enterprise owned by the Government of Canada that helps create jobs in Canada by financing and insuring Canadian exports.

Efficient moments, however. When Laban-son-backed terrorists of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine hijacked an Air France jet with 259 aboard in Rome's Airport in July, 1976, the Israeli signed a unilateral air- borne rescue which left 26 U.S. civilian soldiers, as well as seven hijackers, dead.

In his book *A Stone of Blood*, Amin's former health minister, Henry Kyrnya, says the subsequent death of Anglican Archbishop James Lovett was a direct result of the raid. Amin went to great lengths to ensure his domination and his program included the harassment and desecration of Christian churches. Lovett and his bishops drew up a memorandum outlining their mistreatment and included a critique of the government's lawlessness. Lovett's dead body was later dumped at the Kampala mortuary by soldiers. Amin said he had been killed in an automobile accident, but Kyrnya says the body was bullet-riddled.

If Amin was, as some dubbed him, the most hated black man south of the Limpopo river, "Major" Bob Astles, his right-hand man, undoubtedly qualifies as the most hated white. The mysterious cockney, complete with handkerchief moustache, served Astles as military strategist, informer and public relations officer, and was usually on hand to assure visiting reporters that "Big Daddy," a jolly chap, was much abused by the world press. But behind his rather down-at-heel charm, Astles was blamed for setting up Amin's dreaded State Security Bureau, one of the cruelest secret service organizations in the world, and feeding many of the dictator's enemies to the crocodiles. Before fleeing Kampala, Astles' thugs went into frenzies of bloodshed, killing hundreds of people. As a last gesture they threw hand grenades into the crowded cells at their headquarters.



Captured Africanizer, the night signed

The man who, for the moment at least, leads Upadisa is a former principal of Kampala's Makerere University. Lele abandoned his plans for a quiet retirement late in March at the Tanzania town of Moshi, where more than 300 Ugandan elites of contrasting political persuasions met to overcome their differences and select a leader. He was the consensus choice and his election has been welcomed by Upadisa as a means of bridging political rifts within the country while presenting a civilized face to the international community.

Distinguished by his good judgment and urbanity, Lele, an educator first and politician second, was one of three Africans picked to serve as a minister in the colonial government before self-rule. Later, as principal at Makerere, Lele led off of the radical Obote regime when he resisted Obote's attempts to politicize his campus and in 1970 he was replaced by a more tractable figure.

Awake with the PLC's Tessa Arundel, friend

Lele then went to London, where he worked for the Commonwealth Secretariat, and finally to Ghana, where he headed up the Association of African Universities.

His acceptance of the job of Upadisa's third president placed Tessa Arundel, President Julius Nyerere's friend since Edinburgh University days—no end. Before the Moshi meeting, Nyerere told the Upadisa elites that he would only continue his mission, which he emphasized was simply a means to return power to the Ugandan people, if they opted under an acceptable leader.

Lele's first public statements last week went to emphasize that his Upadisa National Liberation Front stood for the rule of law, would arrange elections as soon as possible and would permit revenge against Amin's former followers, though that element would not, he made clear, apply to the dictator himself. It seemed that Lele's role might turn out to be as civil as Amin's was barbaric. Certainly a refreshing change, he seemed unlikely ever to rival the notoriety of his enlightened predecessor.

David North/Dan Turner

South Africa

Nuclear secrets in the sand

A s three United States diplomats prepared to leave South Africa last week following changes by Prime Minister P. W. Botha that U.S. Ambassador Willem Edmeas's private plane had been equipped for spying, there was much speculation—in the

absence of any official explanation in Pretoria or Washington—about the reason for the changes.

One much-circulated theory was that Botha was seeking to snare Washington because of its support for independence for Namibia, the diamond-rich territory which South Africa controls. If so, he got a snare in return when Washington expelled two South Africans at week's end. A second theory was that Botha was trying to distract attention from the "Mandela" claim funds scandal which threatens to engulf President John Vorster and leading figures in Botha's government.

But while these motives could not be discounted, observers with slightly longer memories were recalling that in August, 1977, the Soviet Union, the United States, Britain, France and West Germany had forestalled a South African plan to set off a nuclear explosion. And they were convinced that that episode and last week's expulsion orders might in some way be linked.

The 1977 incident, which was not reported until some weeks after the event, followed a Soviet intelligence report—conveyed in an urgent message from Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev to President Jimmy Carter—that spy-theory photographs had revealed unmistakable evidence that South Africa was preparing to detonate an atomic bomb in the Kalahari Desert near the Namibian border. The United States proceeded to carry out its own reconnaissance and, in the teeth of South African denial that nothing of the sort was contemplated, was reported to have engaged with clear and detailed photographs showing construction in the desert which experts said was typical of a nuclear test site.

Edmeas's atomic bomb in the Kalahari?



Protestant diplomatic activity followed and, 27 days after Brezhnev's warning, Carter was able to announce that South Africa had promised that "no nuclear test will be undertaken, now or in the future." The incident seemed satisfactorily closed.

In the light of last week's South African spy change, however, two further aspects of the 1977 crisis merit recall. The first was a refusal by administration officials to specify whether high-level aircraft "we other means" were also used to spy on the desert development. The second was U.S. officials' conviction that the South Africans, who have plentiful supplies of uranium in Namibia, might continue their efforts to produce a bomb. Carter and his aides then said "we will, of course, continue to monitor the situation."

That statement, in turn, raises two questions which no one is hurrying to answer. First, was the ambassador's CIA plan a part of that monitoring? Second, did the photographs that South Africans claimed it took of "very sensitive areas" in fact show new evidence of Pretoria's fast go nuclear? □

France

Bled white by victory

A s the 1,800 delegates to the French Socialist Party convention flocked into the gleaming Lorraine town of Metz, more than one party member noted that their leader, Francois Mitterrand, was nowhere in sight. His disappearance proved both brief and without a note of melodrama. Mitterrand turned up at the town's Hotel Cecil to check, 28 years earlier, he had escaped from a German prisoner of war camp, only to be promptly betrayed to the authorities. As his sentimental journey made clear, the 63-year-old Socialist chief considered Metz one more scene of a betrayal, albeit of a different order.

By the end of the stormy three-day congress, he had fought off a serious challenge to his leadership from two former allies. But it was a Pyrrhic victory at best. For the first time in his reign, the man who had welded the disparate strands of French socialism into the united front which has become France's mainstay since 1969 found himself isolated and lashed by his former faithful. The latter split over his policies was yet not Mitterrand his dream of beating Valéry Giscard d'Estaing for the French presidency in 1981. It certainly



Mitterrand (left), Rocard (right) and Boisson

whittled away more solidarity than the party had gained two weeks before, clearing up in the local elections.

Never a life-and-death amputation, the Socialists discreetly buried their differences in 1971, when Mitterrand patched them into a born-again party. But the crushing disappointment over the Socialists' failure to sweep last spring's legislative elections opened the floodgates of party discontent.

The first to air his grievances was 68-year-old economist Michel Rocard who, on election night, was already accusing the party's Communist partners of sabotaging the left's election chances, and exhorting his fellow Socialists to abandon the uneasy alliance. In the year since, Rocard's support has mushroomed, winning over another leadership hopeful, Mitterrand's right-hand man, Pierre Mauroy, 58, last year dubbed his "Dauphin."

In the end Mitterrand managed to speak home with a majority at Metz, following up by coining Rocard and Mauroy from the national secretariat and reappointing the party executive with a fresh crop of his own younger followers.

He may find, however, that a strong grip on his own party is no guarantee of success in the next election. An opinion poll published the week before the Socialist congress showed that, while the majority of party members supported him as their leader, among French voters as a whole the overwhelming favorite as the Socialist's presidential candidate was a man named Michel Rocard.

Mauroy McDonald



Grease for the squeaking wheels

Link on the Teamsters' three-year, \$1.5-per-cent labor contract was hardly key last week when it didn't end itself. Teamsters for a Democratic Union fired a torpedo. Speaking from the union's Detroit stronghold, their leader, Ken Pelf, swore an all-out fight to defeat the contract. The terms, he said, were not good enough and, as it led weight to his analysis, a Pitts-

burgh steel-buster's local voted 66-per-cent against them.

The sudden outbreak of guerrilla warfare inside one of America's most powerful unions threw into stark relief the plight of President Jimmy Carter's attempts at voluntary wage control. The Teamsters' deal with the trucking industry was supposed to be the cornerstone of Carter's policy. Clearly, it's

shaky. The White House inflation fighters had to use creative rethorics to make the Teamsters' package appear to conform to the seven-per-cent annual wage increase line.

In fact, in order to make their case, Carter's men relaxed the guidelines twice and postulated that inflation would run no higher than six per cent during the next three years. That would be lovely, if it were at all realistic. Inflation now is running at 11.8 per cent, a year on the consumer side and 37 per cent on wholesale prices, figures which are not without interest to Canadians. With \$30 billion a year worth of U.S. goods flooding over the fifth parallel, Canadians are reporting U.S. inflation whether they like it or not.

To show what inflation has already done to Americans since Carter introduced his guidelines last October, George Meany, the 84-year-old presi-

The bell tolls for Round 2

The rebellion attacked at the powerful, unstoppable force meeting the growl-but-immovable object. Seven months after being bloodied in a two-week insurrection, the Sandinista National Liberation Front guerrillas last week were again trading bullets with Nicaragua's National Guard. Equally unrelenting was President Anastasio Somoza, who has refused to be budged from his job by the rebels, by moderate domestic opponents or by international pressure last winter for his resignation.

The fighting broke out where it had left off in September—in the still scorched northern city of Estelí. Despite assurances—from the capital Managua and from Somoza's visiting in the United States—that the rebellion was under control, it spread to six other northern cities within days. By Wednesday, the National Guard had brought a Sherman tank, armored cars and fighter planes against the Cuban rebels' rifle and other small arms. And although casualties by the weekend were officially said to be low, it was clear that the loyalist had left the guerrillas no less determined to depose the man they call the "last monster"—an allusion to the U.S. Marine rule-by-the-gun from 1927 to 1933.

The outbreak had been on the heels of another three-step, 12-week effort to resolve the conflict broke down last January after Somoza had rejected a plebiscite on whether he should resign. As a result, the moderate opposition lost many members to three radical groups. But while the Sandinistas since September had led in



Sandinistas with dead victim: more bullets

wholesale rifle, anti-aircraft mortars and grenade launchers to the National Guard had grown in size from 7,500 to 12,000 men.

Somoza could also take comfort from abroad. The military regimes in Guatemala and El Salvador have increased their support for him, in neighboring Costa Rica formerly favorable to the rebels. Sandinista camps have been forced back from border areas, and in Managua Somoza's foe, President Carlos Amador Flores, has been

ousting by the privately funded force of Luis Herrera Campesino.

Somoza's problems cannot all be chalked up with guns and grenades, however. Two general strikes last year left the economy severely weakened and his disastrophilous policies produced by a 40-per-cent unemployment rate have led to an enormous surge in armed robberies. So although the dictator still appeared an invulnerable object, there were plenty of forces at work to prove the folly of power.

Michael Chagnon

The American Express Card isn't just any card



New Travellers Cheques Dispensing

Now Cardmembers can enroll in the American Express Travellers Cheques dispensing program. Get up to \$500 per week. Look for dispensers at major U.S. airports and Travel Service Offices in Canada.



Actual Receipts

Our monthly statement doesn't just list your charges. For almost all transactions, you get copies of your signed receipts. So there's no guesswork.



Emergency Cash

Show the Card and your personal cheque for up to \$250 can be cashed—24 hours a day—at participating hotels in North America where you're a registered guest. Or up to \$200 in cash and \$800 in Travellers Cheques at Travel Service Offices around the world.

Travel Assistance

Need expert travel information? Tickets? Help with a travel-related problem? There are over 750 American Express offices to serve you worldwide. So when you travel, help isn't far away.

Assured Reservations

Ask any participating hotel for an Assured Reservation, on the Card, your room is then guaranteed, no matter how late you arrive. If your room is unavailable, the hotel will find you comparable lodging and pay for it.



The American Express Card
Don't leave home without it™

Coming home with Oscar

By Lawrence O'Toole

He walks into the breakfast room, pre-Oscar, at the Plaza in New York looking frail and, from a distance, slightly androgynous. He's wearing an old sweater that seems to have leached his hair from the third floor of a Salvador Army store, and he has certainly gotten the wear out of his blue jeans. Above the familiar pug nose and the piercing blue eyes (in a few hours they'll be bloodshot from interviews), the straight blonde hair falls free from a midway part. There's something dated about him: Is he in the wrong room? Not exactly. Just the wrong decade.

In a few minutes Jon Voight will be under the lights again—to preside at a press conference for his latest movie, the lackluster *The Champ*. Almost sure to win an Oscar performance as Luke Bralton, the paraplegic Vietnam vet who in *Coming Home* (the Oscar he should have won for his Joe Buck in *Midnight Cowboy*, awarded instead to another cowboy, John Wayne) is the warble again. The press conference on the lawn of the movie actor's estate—especially so far Voight, who always attempted to elude publicity. "I stalked him through the Hollywood jungle," says his director, an *Deliverance* foe, John Boorman. "He was an elusive quarry, hardly visible, nocturnal. He could seldom be found with the tougher elephants or the arrogant lions..." Here in Voight's apartment, being stalked.

"Vince," "Al" and "unc" take up most of Voight's vocabulary, with an occasional "meat" thrown in for good measure. Not always articulate, he squats hard to think, but when he's on a talking jag he talks his fist, shows two fingers out from it for emphasis like he's shouting traps. Contract release, contract release. "Tension. When he's not speaking he seems to be miles away. Memorable, utterly mellow and mellow in tone, his presence strongly suggests another (though miles away) Jon, but, more-forged on a California beach by the Pacific, striking, rugged, muscular-frog folk-gang, seriously saying to someone, 'Hey, man, you're beautiful, I love you.'"



Vol, I love you

Voight and Dunaway: double victory

Which may be an accurate comment on Voight, if not a fair one. Not far to the man who refused roles (including *Love Story*) because they didn't enhance human dignity; who writes and illustrates (unpublished) fables for children, who, when his father died in a car crash, scaled a Montana peak with his brother to install a commemorative plaque, who has written two screenplays (including about the relationship between father and son, who went to all those anti-war rallies with fellow actor Jane Fonda when it wasn't quite fashionable to do so. Not far to someone who seems, essentially, a displaced person—narrowly, who refuses to believe the '60s were nothing more than a passing political fancy.

The 40-year-old actor with the face of a weathered cherub, who at six-foot-three and 180 pounds could terrify the faintest on anyone's face, nevertheless remains a friendly giant. Having left his second wife, he spends most of his time with his two children. "The best I can, perhaps, is what I give to them." A 30-year

career Chomskian, he grew up in London, New York, under the tutelage of priests, then attended Catholic University in Washington to become a social designer. His father wanted Voight to be a golf pro like himself, but Voight opted for acting. Richard Rodgers picked him to sing *New York, New York* in *The Sound of Music*, his first role.

His role in *Coming Home* was a stake. First considered for the role of Jane Fonda's husband, eventually played by Bruce Dern, he hammered away until he got Luke. "We were thinking of Jack Nicholson," recalls Fonda. "But Jon fought his way in and when we were in that hungry for it you have to listen. He was working out in a wheelchair and you had to say, 'Hey, wait a minute.' He literally rammed himself down our throats, thank God."

I was desperate in a way," Voight says. "I hadn't had a good role in a long time. My career was in an abyss and I didn't quite know where to go, but I'd looked real

strong into that character. I've seen him, I've been with him and I'm feeling like him now." But he wishes to make crystal clear that he didn't do it to become a star. That would destroy his highly cultivated and no doubt deeply felt sense of humanity. "I've had a career of ups and downs, but it's not the business. It has to do with adversity, which affects us all. My father used to say 'Life is pain. Adversity builds character.' That thing that makes me insecure as an actor is what makes me good." He talks about Billy Flynn in *The Champ* as having a "strange, sacrificial security," when he speaks of disabled veterans, he closes his hands together as if in prayer.

Voight once told an interviewer "Catholicism is safe, you can't survive it completely." These days he professes less virtue. "I left the church but it's left its scars. It always does. Catholicism is an attitude about life. Following it, you have to go a certain rigid way, I know. The rules attached to it lead all the natural forces. It makes life go the way you don't want it to go. You are overlooked for what you really are. You're just an image of the way you're seen to be."

But the humility—a war of a kind—still governs his castings and plays. The afternoon before the Golden Globe awards he had called his *Coming Home* wheelchair over to a local park where he presented a trophy to the winner of a wheelchair race as part of an arthritis fund-raiser. Graded in a tuxedo, he sat at the Golden Globes with the Fonda clan, not drinking anything stronger than Perrier. After he won, his speech was noble and gracious, with the requisite amounts of humility. He thanked the Foreign Press Association—"the kind words and smiles of Hollywood." There was no mention to believe he did not know every word of it.

At 1:30 a.m. that night Voight was wandering down, walking down his first foot of the day at Chateau's. That the excitement at the party was reserved for Christopher (Shogren) Reeve, who was virtually missing a star like Voight as his super-andarlier.

The Oscar night very well resolve Voight's "struggle to avoid the pernicious reflexes of Hollywood to maintain an independence of spirit and not succumb to stardom," says John Boorman. "It's hard for me to be objective about an Academy Award because I grew up in this society and share its mythos." Voight explains. "People sound me when they say 'You'll get the Best Actor.' On the one hand I'm a little bit confused by it, on the other I think it's a very high accolade."

References to Voight are more or less composed of compliments. After filming *Deliverance*, the picture that made Bralton a star, Boorman turned to Voight and said affectionately, "Jon, when they do my life story I want you to play



In "Coming Home" dreams of conscience

me." Says his too-muching Anna Shapiro, "He has a refreshing truthfulness. He likes to help people out—it's a frailty. He'll do a film for nothing if he likes it. Many with him is always secondary." Following the Oscars he couldn't have been more co-operative; jaded actresses kept murmuring "such a gentleman" under their breaths. "People take advantage of him all the time in this town," says a press agent who has worked with him several times. "He doesn't resent being treated like a star, so he isn't." Voight actually insists otherwise. "If somebody has to have killing over me, okay give them killing. I don't give a god-damn."

One of those quiet ones, also to be, Voight's manner suggests an undercurrent of violence that at least finds an outlet in his acting. "Yeah, I think I have a whole lot of stuff in me. When I release control it's a very dangerous moment, but there has to be tension. And if I'm uncomfortable then I know I'm doing good

work." His insistence on not doing things the easy way has for a while—by its own admission—made him difficult to work with. He uses the same method acting as Robert De Niro, preparing painstakingly, often losing himself in the role. For *Coming Home* he spent time in the psychiatric ward of Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, even making himself an expert on the section of wheelchair patients. He told director Hal Ashby "I learned my deal with people who have been there. Put them in the corner, watch them the screws. Make me the only child in the group. Let me fight for an understanding of their space, let me digest the war."

He has been known to drive co-workers up the wall with his overbearing self-criticism. Boorman recalls Al Purvis adding Voight "Luke's Deliverance; Jon? Think. Voight replied, 'I think my performance has probably ruined the movie.' Boorman had to let him live on the daily rushes. "He cut such a glow on everything, exhausting himself by staying up all night grappling with problems of interpretation. We share a Catholic education

A search for stars at the five-and-dime

Gertie Jane Moore, the 68-year-old actress from London, Ontario, apple farmer, wants to leave just the smallest of corporate legacies: one sweepingly successful take-over triumph before retiring as chairman of Brunswick Ltd. "It's his sense of adventure," suggests a colleague. How else to

interests ranging from petroleum to insurance. Although Brunson had been expected to buy something, the Woolworth bid may be partially defensive, to fend off take-over attempts on itself by buyers wanting the \$467 million cash from the January sale of Light, the first-time electric company (Maclean's, Jan.



Brunson's Moore and her mid-20th-century Woolworth store: vibrant celebrities

explain Moore's \$1.3-billion offer to purchase F.W. Woolworth Co., the five-and-dime store that has grown in 180 years from one Utica, New York, shop to more than 3,600 (527 in Canada) Woolworth, Woolco and Kmart shoe stores and leased departments in the U.S., Canada, Great Britain, Mexico, Australia and other countries. What began last Monday as a friendly three-minute phone call from Moore to Woolworth Chairman Edward Gibbons in New York turned, as the week passed, into an ugly take-over tangle never before seen in Canada. *Replete* with plottings of lawyers, merger experts and public relations corporations, Jane Moore's bid to create a new Canadian-owned retail giant has exploded with vitriolic statements, lachrymose lawsuits and charges of unethical business conduct.

Brunson, begun in 1899 in Bristol with dangle pulling stockings, is today a \$1.3-billion holding company with



151. There was at least one super-seller, Edger Elgerton Ltd. owned by Peter and Edward Brunson and Patric Sv. a Netherlands-based resources firm. Edger's representatives visited a momentary Moore April 5 with their plans, but he was reading his Woolworth offer, signed by Brunson's board in Toronto the next day. Brunson-Edger discussions continued over the weekend through Wake, Canada's Olympic lawyer Bruce Lockwood, but nothing was resolved.

Monday morning, April 8, about the same time Moore bid for Woolworth, Edger announced his intention to bid \$327 million for control of Brunson, but withdrew temporarily the following day. Says an Edger spokesman: "We're going to make an offer as long as the Woolworth offer is there." Edger now waits at the gathering ground for disgruntled Brunson shareholders, who control its retail empire.

How long the proposed Woolworth offer will stand may depend on how well Moore, Brunson and the Canadian In-

vestor Bank of Commerce can withstand the heat that will pour out of New York. After a four-hour board meeting Wednesday, Woolworth Chairman Gibbons not only rejected the bid price as "grossly inadequate," he attacked the Commerce (besides of \$800 million to Brunson for the deal), saying the bank's actions "permeated and tainted the motive offer." The Commerce is Woolworth's main lender, too, and Gibbons charged that confidential Woolworth information was made available to Brunson. The entrepreneur, he said, "made moral and ethical questions." In rejecting the change with his barbed words, a Commerce spokesman added: "We're not getting into a passing match with a slunk." Both Brunson and the Commerce have, so far, chosen not to sleep and back at Woolworth, which has hired New York lawyer Joe Pines, who reportedly helped Mead Corp. beat off \$1.1-billion take-over offer from the insurance Edelman, Elmsner at General Petroleum where part of the technique included dropping up Hammer's past Robert Prudhomme, one of 30 lawyers in the New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett, suing on the Brunson side.

The bid is subject to approval by the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, which is currently studying Brunson's 181-page brief, before Woolworth's

161,281 shareholders can officially consider the offer for \$35 (8 3/8) a share. In addition, Brunson must satisfy take-over legislation in Louisiana and South Carolina as well as New York where the attorney general could hold lengthy hearings. Woolworth has also filed suit in federal district court for the Southern District of New York alleging that Brunson "solicited everything from U.S. securities laws to bogus hearing cases. Only the lawyers are clear winners. And one official: "If everybody went home and this deal closed up tomorrow, Brunson would have to pay \$1 million in legal fees and costs." Jane Moore's dream has become unpredictable drama, either a premier in the making or a million-dollar flop—in a five-and-ten cent store. *Roderick McQueen*



Decorating his collector MacKenzie's studio: Elgerton's McQueen in the field

The pencil and paper chase

Complete with soft brown eyes and gentle disposition, the outshining new cost Rod MacKenzie \$6,180 His Vancouver lawyer-solicitor, Michael McMahon didn't even think about the potential land of milk and money where the new could be a tax-defectible expense. But when MacKenzie wanted to deduct a \$600 pair of cowboy boots, McMahon balked. "Why if any quality," he takes his own word of politician-control equip-

ment." MacKenzie agreed not to shake the boots as he joined 14,500 million Canadian dollar personal income tax forms in this year's \$36-billion flurry ending April 30.

As taxpayers curse the government head that blinds them in the annual late-night, kitchen-table, pencil and paper chase, 32 per cent of Canadians have been driven to use tax preparation services or accountants. Now this year's all-

the child tax credit, an income redistribution system that sends down to zero as income rises over \$38,000 and will mean 15 million Canadians, nearly none, will be first-time filers. Douglas, Winnipeg, district

The sound of music making money

It took four months to build, but Norman Baucher's first guitar was finally ready to be strung on his 50th birthday, 13 years ago. Not satisfied, he had another and another, until he had crafted 100 more during the next few years and was ready for production. There's too much competition, he says. "I made a guitar before I was on the market. There'd be no need." In 1972 Norman Dubois began with seven employees and made 300 acoustic guitars. His year 25 employees will make 6,000 guitars for a 10,000 annual output. The latter entrepreneur has made his native La Patis, a level of 965 nestled below Mt. Musquin in Quebec's provincial Eastern Townships. Home to Canada's largest guitar maker.

The company is a typical government-run and profitable from do-it-yourselfers. A different guitar ranging from a \$225 model made of Quebec spruce to one costing \$775 of Gibson ebony and Indian rosewood. All have adjustable and



Guitar manufacturer Baucher: the famous finger about and pick the product

deflatable necks a combination that took five years to develop and is unique to his instruments. Explains Baucher: After a guitar is a few years old the front starts to lift from a warhead to three weights of an inch making it hard to play. The adjustable neck is the answer. It's made by bringing the strings back down. The detachable bakelite makes a damaged or broken neck can be replaced in seconds for \$25, instead of costing \$500 and taking

months. Norman guitars are now sold in 12 countries. To such extent, too, Quebecois musicians Gilles Villeneuve and Willie Lamoignon, jazz guitarist, Quebec, Gerson and British rock groups The Flying Stones and Gentle Giant which bought three on a recent Montreal stop. Because Baucher has never taught all his employees the backdriving skills, the best Paul Hennessy guitar player and pick his product doesn't function, he says. "I don't want to shed my mouth off," he says. "And I've got the sound." *Peter MacNeilson*

and I understand the deep wells of guilt that afflict him." Champ director Zellweger once further: "He's a very sensitive of himself that in the end he doesn't have respect for himself." He has a kind of complex that he's not good enough for the task he's called to.

Before Vogel signed for *The Champ* he went through all kinds of self-inflicted torment, not sleeping, talking up friends and going over the script again and again. Lives when he agreed, the nightmare wasn't over. "He has to find a reason why he's doing it and it has to be an ideal reason," says Zellweger. "I'm afraid of doing the wrong thing, y'know," says Jon Voight. As a writer, first and foremost. "With him it's not acting. It's a kind of self-destruction," says Zellweger, while he was turning down the big money roles before *Champ*. He returned to the stage, notably a revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire* with *Playboy*. The critical response was, to be charitable, calm. Says Voight, "I wasn't prepared to do this role under the shadow of Marlon Brando and Faye was in a rough space. I was trying to get myself together. It was a painful thing." He also did *Hemlock* at the not-so-high profile California State University, where having been involved in a production of *Romeo and Juliet* he wrote all his actor friends and said, in vintage Voight lingo, "Do some Shakespeare, man, it will clear your head." During the fallow period, without much money, he gave acting lessons.

Once doesn't and probably won't care everything. "Success is not easy to handle. It's not even definable. I don't even know what it is." For the past few months he has been seeing a psychiatrist and he's writing another script called *The Shore* with Gary Broome, Gen. Staff of West Coast Desperado. But he doesn't apologize for how other people view him, self-flagellation artist. He knows he sees himself. It's all internal. Of before, perhaps actively, that people are basically good—or that if they aren't it's possible for them to be. He's a deskist, out of step with the times. Speaking of his role as Luke Martin in *Champ*, Moore, he's also talking a bit about himself. "If the lighting on me seems to be rather poetic sometimes, okay, listen, sometimes people do look pretty good. And there were people in the course of that film I came across who were as badly heroes as me. There's nothing wrong with heroes. We need heroes," Jon Voight lectures on faith.

Champ River gave him his new lease on life and an Oscar. But "if I had been born anything plainer [as it], if I was two-dimensional anything, I would have been a man spirit. I would have said an insensibility. The world is crowded with bad thinking."

Who does he think he is anyway? Jon Voight?

With files from Rose Davis

Great Wines from Italy

Chiarli

LAMBRUSCO CASTELVETRO

A glassing, semi-sweet sparkling and table wine with a distinguished taste that is suitable for most occasions. Outstanding with most foods.

TERBIAN

A delicious semi-sweet white sparkling wine with a delightful bouquet.



Canadian Agent: Saavio Schmitt Agencies Ltd. Toronto, Canada

If you want
great in-depth
news coverage, read
Maclean's
If you want
great in-depth
opera news coverage
read
OPERA CANADA

Grand Opera is the Greatest Show on Earth. Only in-depth, cutting-edge coverage of the opera business in Canada, the U.S.A. and the world.

Subscribe to OPERA CANADA. A year's subscription for only \$20.00 (U.S. \$15.00) in the U.S.A. and in all other countries.

Please send a subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ _____ (U.S. funds payable to

OPERA CANADA, 306 Adelaide St. E., Suite 533 Toronto, Ontario M5A 1N4

M'OUNS
C'HAU'S CONTENT!



Education

Riding in class on the 7:48

There is little cheer on the West Island commuter train that pulls out of the faded train station in Brossard at 7:48 a.m. weekday mornings for the 45-minute ride into downtown Montreal. Conversation lags amid the mass ritual pursuit of the English morning papers, for in not here. Except in the rear compartment of the last car, that is. There the passengers are laughing and chattering away in two languages and the trip, which seems to take forever up front, is a happy interlude that ends all too soon for these cheerful commuters. A French class is in full swing—part of a successful experiment in compulsory education, and a small, but fiery, boost to French-English coexistence in Quebec.

"We thought of all that boring, wasted time people spend on the train every day. It seemed logical to combine it with something that could be useful," said Phyllis Blaukopf, co-ordinator of adult education at Montreal's John Abbott College, who set up the commuter classes a year ago. Today in Friday and the topic is banking and money. Renée Boreneuse, the effervescent young lady who leads the class, runs through rudimentary terms, asking her pupils to chat over experiences and questions, using government booklets as textbooks.

"I don't drill people in these classes," says Boreneuse. "I don't try to teach perfect French. What they get are a few tools they can work with—a vocabulary they can use every day and the confidence to use it. Also we have a lot of laughs." You can keep your newspaper, thanks. **Robert Raich**



This pulp mill was built in Japan and towed on barges to Brazil. There it will be fed by fast-growing tree plantations. In a small but real way, this kind of competition could affect every Canadian's standard of living in the future.

Meet the competition

Canadians used to believe we had the pulp and paper business sewed up because of our millions of acres of softwood forests. Today, paper is also being made from grasses, sugar cane and fast-growing plantation trees. And there's new competition in all the old markets, sharpening our industry's needs for new machinery, new technology, higher productivity. And that takes growth money: profit.

The pulp mill being barged to Brazil is not, in itself, a serious threat to Canada's pulp and paper industry. It is, however, a straw in the wind of world trade.

What's ahead? Estimates of the world's use of pulp, paper and paperboard say it will almost double in the next 20 years.

That means greater opportunities for the Canadian industry. We'll have to step lively to make the most of them. Canada's biggest customer for pulp and paper is the United States. But their own papermaking capacity is expanding steadily to feed their enormous demand.

In several southern states, they are planting trees as a crop, like corn or cotton. Trees can mature to harvesting size in 25 years. In most parts of Canada, it takes from 50 to 80 years.

In Peru, newsprint is being produced using sugar cane. Japan is

modernizing some of its newsprint machines to double output. Mexico is expected to reduce imports sharply because of its own increased production. Taiwan, the Philippines, Nigeria are further unexpected names in the newsprint news. Each nibbles away at the potential for Canadian growth.

To keep the industry afloat, we'll sell successfully and profitably in international markets, Canada has to be a low cost, high quality supplier.

We need new ideas for turning wood into paper at less cost. We need special machines to get into Canada's difficult forests and bring the wood out economically. All of this costs money, billions of dollars.


Profit is growth money. A healthy, profitable pulp and paper industry finds it easier to attract investment. Recent improved profits created by larger demand and

boosted further by Canada's lower-valued dollar, have encouraged companies to plan investment in upgrading mills and purchasing new equipment.

Canada's largest employer and manufacturer is the pulp and paper industry. It brings in more export dollars and contributes more to Canada's standard of living than any other industry, about \$1,000 a year for each Canadian family.

To learn more about Canada's largest manufacturing industry, write for literature: Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Que H3B 2X9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada



"LAST WINTER WE DID SOMETHING TO CUT ENERGY COSTS YEAR ROUND."

"In recent years, we've done a lot of little things to try to save energy. Always with the same result: Our fuel bills have gone up anyway. So last winter we did a big thing. We put in a Year-round One heat pump air conditioner from Carrier."

"Already the Year-round One has cut our heating bills. This summer it will save us even more energy on cooling."

"Currently we're building a new, larger home for our family. We'll heat it and cool it entirely with Carrier heat pumps. Given the energy situation, we think it's the only way to go."

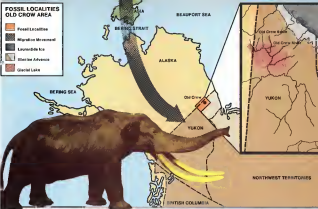
"And given Carrier's expertise in both air conditioning and heat pumps, we think Carrier is the only way to go."

"Cut your fuel bills, too. See your Carrier Certified Heat Pump dealer."

WE CAN'T CONTROL THE WEATHER BUT WE CAN HELP YOU CONTROL ITS COST.



30-1 AIR CONDITIONING MODEL



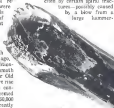
Archeology

A mammoth search for man

It was a grisly, incongruous sight: a small team of scientists, armed with crude stone blades and bone chisels, carving up a dead elephant step by step in Front Royal, Virginia. Incongruous because this occurred in the 20th century—in March of last year—and because the archeological researchers wading the blades were testing a theory rooted thousands of miles away and thousands of years ago, in Canada's distant past.

The theory—advanced by a group of scientists from Canada and the U.S.—is that man first crossed from Asia into North America at least 10,000 years ago, 10,000 years earlier than the traditionally accepted date. Fossilized mammoth bones found over the years near Old Crow in the Yukon Territory gave rise to the new estimate—and tests conducted in Ottawa last March seemed to confirm it. Some 10,000 to 90,000 years ago, the fossils were apparently deliberately smashed by human beings, to judge from their distinctive fracture

patterns. At least, Dr. Richard Morlan, of Ottawa's National Museum of Man, contends that their shapes cannot be explained in any other way. Dr. Morlan and his colleagues from the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., were initially intrigued, then excited by certain spiral fracture patterns—possibly caused by a blow from a large hammer.



"Fischer," oldest artifact found in North America, was used to scrape hides

Old Crow area was refuge for man and beast, gateway from Asia to New World

stone—because such a break indicates that the bone was broken when it was fresh, and not after it had fossilized. Experts have speculated that the hunters smashed the bones to get at the bone marrow and to create makeshift tools to assist them in butchering the beast. The difficulty lay in testing the theory. Having exploited the distinctive fractures on horse and cattle bones, the researchers eventually concluded that they could only confirm their hunch by re-creating a mammoth-butchering with its closest living relative, an elephant. Then a young elephant, named Gumbert, (who co-starred with John Wayne in *Hatari!*) very conveniently died, and the test was on. Late last month, the scientists conducted the second part of the test: under various (and more comfortable) conditions, outside Ottawa, they skinned and smashed the two legs which had been smashed

COURTESY OF MORLAN, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF CANADA

At Budget, you're number one.



Super Members At Budget Rent a Car.

For years, car rental companies have been shouting about who's number one. Budget believes, in any service business there is only one number one: you, the customer.

Our number of cars, number of locations, our Super Rent Club, even our great rates only count if you get the unmistakable feeling that you and your business matter.

Budget knows who counts. And that's a difference you'll like.

For worldwide reservations, see your travel consultant or call toll-free:

1-800-268-8900

From B.C.: 115-890-268-8900 • From Toronto: 492-9222

Use your Sears credit card at authorized distribution centers in most Budget offices. Call the Budget toll-free number.

No Budget, Ford and other car ads.

Budget
rent a car

from the Virginia experiment, and avoided the fracturing of the bones on high-speed fire. The result? "We're absolutely delighted," Morin said.

Although the detailed report will not be available until late fall, many results of the experiment correspond to the Old Crow fossil evidence. "We now believe," said Morin, "that we have evidence of human presence (in Canada) going back more than 50,000 years." This conclusion will likely prove controversial in conservative academic circles, where based on European evidence, writers have theorized that man could not have entered far northern environments much before 45,000 years ago.

The search for those first North Americans has been under way for many years in the Old Crow river basin. The region escaped the ravages of the ice ages of the Pleistocene era, and is thought to have been a personal refuge for man and beast. At a time when the long white fingers of the great glaciers divided half of the continent, the so-called wilderness of the region—moose, caribou, muskoxen, and 300-pound beavers—remained largely undisturbed.

Through years of erosion, the Old Crow river has flowed down through the accumulated layers of sediment creating a "layer cake" effect exposing fossils embedded in its banks. The area has already yielded thousands of relics, such as the jawbones of what are thought to be the earliest domesticated dogs (25,000 years ago) ever discovered.

Since the Old Crow area is thought to be on the migration pathways along which early man trekked from Asia into the New World, it is the ideal site to search for traces of early man. Nevertheless, it wasn't until 1966 that the first trace of humans was detected—a caribou leg bone ominously fastened into a freezing tool. The tool, later dated at 27,000 years ago, pushed the supposed arrival date of man twice as far back as it had been.

Recalls University of Toronto archaeologist William Irving, who was working in the area at the time: "Most archaeologists at that time looked with considerable skepticism at any suggestion that man had been here more than 15,000 or 20,000 years ago."

Only some clever shuffling has overcome the perplexing obstacles that have dogged this quest. Among the thousands of fossils so far uncovered, the only human bone to surface is that belonging to the jaw of an 11-year-old child.

According to Irving, researchers are reluctant to date the mandible with present techniques because these would destroy the bone. Because of these limitations, scientists have concentrated on fossilized bones that betray the hand of man, such as a bone still deeply out from butchering and long bone flakes that appear to have been intentionally splintered to fashion razor-sharp knives.

As the wide-angle exploration of the Old Crow river basin continues, the new data advanced by the Canadian

and U.S. experts may one day be corroborated by the discovery of a mother lode of human remains.

Initiated in 1970, the excavations of the Yukon-Religion Project—a multidisciplinary study jointly conducted by the National Museum of Man, the Geological Survey of Canada, and the University of Alberta—is a thoroughly ongoing the area "in the hope that this approach would narrow the search for evidence of early man."

Alisa Bailey

Mail Order

This symbol assures you there is order in the mail order business

When you see it printed on advertising mail or in mail order ads in publications, you know that it's from someone you can trust. So when you shop by mail, you know you'll receive exactly what you ordered.

The symbol shows that the seller is a member of the Canadian Direct Mail/Marketing Association. We insist that members abide by a tough 14-point code of ethics and follow the highest standards of practice or they get kicked out.

Our members work for publishers, mail order catalogues, book stores, food stores, department stores, financial institutions, insurance firms, schools, government, etc. They represent about 90% of the direct marketing industry.

But we know that there are some mail order people who don't always treat customers properly. That's why the CDM/MA has set up a Task Force to investigate customer complaints.

If you've had poor treatment from a mail

order seller after trying to resolve the problem with the seller, write us about your experience. Give us as much information as possible. We'll get other firms for you, member or non-member and we will do our best to resolve the problem for you.

Or write us if you want your name taken off for added on to the mailing lists of our members. We call this our Mail Preference Service. It's been in operation since 1976. The score to date is 2,274 people wanted off and 1,410 wanted on.

Write us, too, if you'd like a free copy of our highly informative booklet, "Direct Mail and You." It discusses some controversial points about advertising mail. In addition the CDM/MA offers a free brochure about our comprehensive honesty course in direct marketing written by the big experts in the field. For copies, write to: Frank Ferguson, General Manager, CDM/MA, 130 Morton Street, Toronto, Ontario M4S 1A4.

Mail your order today!



Canadian Direct Mail/Marketing Association

Discover the Height of Romance This Weekend

Enjoy a new togetherness this weekend at Mont Ste Marie. Share all the romance and relaxation of our fresh air lifestyle... quiet walks in peaceful forests, swim or canoe on our untrodden lakes, play tennis or golf and much more all in the midst of spectacular mountain scenery. Look at the luxury the two of you can enjoy for only \$75.00*. Restful nights at our hotel Auberge / Air heated breakfasts and complimentary dinners. Plus complete use of our up-to-date health facilities including saunas, whirlpool bath and jacuzzi too! All this just 75 minutes north of Ottawa.

Timeless moments to be remembered forever! So come. Lift your spirits together this weekend.

For reservations call 1-819-467-5200

*Rate is per couple per night (breakfast and dinner included, gratuities extra)



MONT STE MARIE

Les 500 Mts. Québec, J1R 1T0
85 miles north of Ottawa

Environment

Overuse and abuse stalk a once natural paradise



Calgarian Catherine Ford last summer toured an Ontario beach through the world renowned beauty spot of Lake Louise and fled after a quick look, appalled by the Covey Island of the Rockies. Scores of tourists marred the view, and Ford's party couldn't stomach so much as a cup of coffee amid the filth and squalor of the overcrowded, rambling facilities. "Turkey" was her verdict.

Even hard-core environmentalists have long agreed that something has to be done about the mass of Lake Louise in Alberta's Banff National Park. Not only are tourist attractions overused, but the 130 permanent residents of Lake Louise, 100 miles west of Calgary, are quarantined in a variety of jerry-built buildings with inadequate sewage facilities, and the community lacks amenities such as theatres, carling rinks or even a liquor store. But after 15 years of arguing over the problem, people still put company over scenery: how the place should be improved.

Now, for the second time in seven years, company is parting over tentative government proposals for improvement. Parks Canada's preliminary re-

placement homes at Lake Louise making the amenities of this, surrounding the sewage system in the rocky's backyard

port, made in February this year, recommended increasing hotel capacity from 1,300 to 3,500 beds in the next 10 to 15 years, to cope with tourist volume numbers now reach 600,000 a summer. 200,000 a winter. The report also urged an immediate improvement for the housing in Lake Louise, as well as relief for traffic and visitor service problems. But in the greatest show of environmental solidarity since 1978, 80 Alberta conservation groups representing more than 25,000 members registered their firm objections to the plan. Their pressure forced a belated concession from Parks Canada which announced last week that it would consider a proposal to erect hotel and motel development entirely.

Environmentalists endorse the recommendations to clean up "the present unsightly and inadequate accommodation for employees, improve utilities and upgrade sewage treatment. But they veto everything else as "unconcerned and commercialism" as Pat

Kane of the Sierra Club of Alberta puts it. The conservation groups charge that the major number of 1,600 new "paddles" was pulled out of a hat rather than being based on any consideration of environmental impact. Doubling overnight capacity will double the number of employees and create demands for additional services, they say, which in turn means more permanent residents.

Kanevskis also worry about the plan's impact on the endangered grizzly, as well as on the safety of tourists. Their concerns have been backed up by a just-released report commissioned by Parks Canada itself. Richard Fessenden, a biologist with the Canadian Wildlife Service, says further visitors will inevitably increase the number of grizzly attacks on humans and eventually threaten the bear population.

Parks Canada officials may sense a replay of the 1972 controversy in the making. Hundreds of people, then trucked to Alberta, and thousands more sent letters to protest a \$60-million development, called Village Lake Louise, that would have replaced everything from the scenic-quo development in the adjacent Bow Valley to the grumpy, postcard Chateau Lake Louise itself. Since then, Parks Canada has studied 2,111 written submissions, interviewed residents, held meetings, forums, and published discussion papers. The groundwork seems to have been done with an eye to fairness, even if the recommendations do not warm every heart.

Ray Sloan, president of the Alberta Wilderness Association, points out that a Village Lake Louise spokesman back in 1972 admitted his company had "made a mistake by asking for too much all at once. The same mistake would not be made twice." Sloan feels this new plan is just the first step toward turning Lake Louise into another, bigger Banff. Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Bowyer added fuel to that suspicion when he announced the new plan wasn't big enough and there should be more development.

Opposing views collected, Parks Canada has retired to put together its final plan, due later this year. But the whole problem of Lake Louise could be solved by yet another problem: Public Works Canada has released a report saying that the Trans-Canada Highway through the park has to be widened to four lanes, or else visits by regional residents will have to be restricted, because they simply can't get into the park. Public Works estimates that \$14.7 million (1977 dollars) will be lost by the tourist industry by 1992 because visitors won't be able to get through the two-lane highway now serving the park.

Stacy Zmarus

Before you buy central air conditioning, remember...



York Heat Pump Air Conditioners cut heating costs too.



Before you buy central air conditioning, remember your heating bills!

YORK Heat Pump Air Conditioners can cut heating costs as much as 40%.

Depending on your type of home and where you live.

Add it to your present furnace, gas, oil or electric.

Or go for the complete, all-electric system.

Enjoy cool comfort on the hottest summer day. And

cozy warmth in the depths of winter.

YORK Heat Pump Air Conditioners. With the patented YORKGUARD solid state computer control. So reliable, it's guaranteed for 5 years.

For a free "no obligation" information package, write us or telephone collect at (416) 743-7701. Ask for extension 100.

YORK Heat Pump Air Conditioners. Built differently. Where it counts.

YORK Heating and Air Conditioning

YORK DIVISION YORK HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING LIMITED • 200 PEARSON BLVD. MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO M5S 1K6



YORK is a registered trademark of the York-Warner Corporation

Y986

Childhood leukemia: a stalemate in a long war

When Becky Scott was 21 months old, she developed fever and a rash. She had acute lymphocytic leukemia and was given five days to live. That was six years ago, but as a result of chemotherapy Becky recovered. Fifteen years ago her leukemia would not have been possible.

It is only within the past five years that drugs have been found to combat acute lymphocytic leukemia, commonly known as childhood leukemia. Drugs have increased a child's chances for survival from five per cent to 50 per cent, and represent a dramatic and encouraging movement in cancer research.

In childhood leukemia there is a disorder of blood-cell production in which abnormal white blood cells accumulate in the blood and bone marrow and crowd normal cells which have difficulty growing. The new drugs have highly specific functions. Some act by

stopping cells from growing and dividing. Researchers have found that using several drugs in combination is better than using a single drug.

"We've been getting these kind of results for the last five years and we're about to expect them," says Dr. Agnes J. Bishop, a pediatric hematologist at the Maruoka Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation in Waukegan. "Our excitement about them, though real, is beginning to fade. Our concern is with the other 50 per cent that don't do well."

Bobby-Jo Goetz is a plump, cheerful three-year-old, whose brown eyes glow brightly, in what might be mistaken as a sign of robust health. But Bobby-Jo has had leukemia since the age of eight months. She has the unfortunate

Carol Scott and daughter Becky, Becky growing longer life, hope for a cure

distinction of being one of the youngest patients ever diagnosed as Maruoka. She has never responded well to therapy. Doctors cannot even explain how she has survived this long. Twice Bobby-Jo has hovered near death, and each time she has rolled and fought to live. She's on a course of test drugs. To see her, and to hear her mother, Val, describe her expectations for her daughter's life and her reasons for going on to understand the strength and honesty that the disease exacts of its victims, if they are going to be survivors in any sense. "I believe in miracles, but I don't think we're going to be one of them," says Val Goetz with a trace of sadness. "When they first told us that Bobby-Jo had leukemia we figured she'd be dead right away. But then we saw that we'd have some time. I feel that every day that we have is a gift. We try to live one day at a time. Bobby-Jo has been a game player here, but I very much appreciate the fact that they would even try it. If I had to make the disease again, I'd do it the same way. There have been a great 24 years." Goetz feels that as long as her small daughter is prepared to fight for her life there she is committed to backing her.

Though Dr. Bishop is concerned about not giving parents false hope, she also

feels that most people don't know that the diagnosis of leukemia doesn't mean an automatic death sentence. "When you tell people their child has a chance they don't believe you. But there's all the hope in the world. We can cure 90 to 95 per cent of children with acute lymphocytic leukemia, into remission. The trick is keeping them there. When we say that the disease has a 50-per-cent success rate what we mean is that 50 per cent of children will not have any relapse after three to five years of treatment. Therapy can then be stopped. The other 50 per cent will relapse. Of course we don't yet know the life expectancy of the survivors, or if they are inclined to develop other malignancies."

Going with leukemia itself, whatever the odds, is complicated by feelings of guilt that parents invariably experience, and by the lack of public understanding and acceptance of the disease. "You never get over the guilt," says Carol Scott, Becky's mother. "I still feel sometimes that I must have done something wrong. And it's hard to trust your child normally when you feel that way."

A family with a leukemia child finds itself cut off from others, just at a time when they most need support. "Leukemia is dirty word," says Carol Scott. "You can't go out and talk about it. People are terrified. So you're forced to be all alone. Whether or not you want it, when your child has leukemia, you belong to an exclusive club."

In an effort to break through these barriers, therapists at the Winthrop Children's Center go to schools to explain the facts of leukemia. That it is not contagious, or that a child is suddenly bald because of radiation therapy and that the hair will likely grow back and above all, that the child must not be secluded out for special treatment. On a less structured basis the members of the "exclusive club" come to depend on each other. When a kid who's making it, it makes me feel terrible," says Val Goetz. "It's part of my success too. We're all in this together."

The latest research of childhood leukemia has clear direction. "We're just now able to predict at the time of diagnosis which kids will do well and which won't," says Dr. Bishop. "So hopefully in the next five years we'll be able to be more selective in our methods by looking at the treatment of high-risk patients, while at the same time giving low therapy to low-risk patients and thereby saving them some toxicity."

While Becky Scott smiles warmly for cameras that eagerly want to portray her as a success story, her mother remains cautious. "Becky's disease is under control—not cured," she says. "Cured means a promise. We're still waiting for that one." Brenda Robbins

There's no place like Hilton in Hawaii...

You'll have to see it to believe it. Situated on more than 20 acres in Waikoloa, the Hilton Hawaiian Village is an ocean of activity and pleasure. On one side you face an expansive palm-lined beach and on the other, the gateway to Maunaloa (Waikoloa).

Turn your back to the sun and paddle in outrigger canoe surf sail... dine beneath the white-capped waves.

You can drink around the world and never leave the Village. Eight magnificent restaurants serving Polynesian, Continental and American food and night bars featuring a myriad of entertainment as bright as the Hilton rainbow.

There are over 100 shops and services throughout the Village. Wander through the exotic alleyways of the Rainbow Bazaar and shop for treasures of the Far East and South Pacific.

Hula and Hobe Cats... luaus and sunset dinner with private lanais and personal service. Come and see for yourself why there's no place like Hilton in Hawaii.



HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE
Call your local Hilton Reservations Service or your travel agent.





McLauchlan in concert (left) and Wexley scoring, hours and hours of boredom and moments of terror

called his first album *Song From the Street*—and found himself heralded as a low-life folk artist, thus wondering whether he had sold out or flipped out when he decided to try rock 'n' roll. After his move to a modest home in Toronto's east end a year ago, room-mates insisted that he had fled the street for the distant charms of the nondescript bourgeoisie. "The things that have been said about my work—the identification with street people and life at the bottom—that's a boy that's grown out of somewhere," McLauchlan explains with a patient shrug. "I've never that much a part of it. I lived with some bikers but that's about it."

Not quite. McLauchlan's life centres all the sordid crud to mythologize—parental estrangement, transsexual trapping, confounding first moments of poverty. It's no surprise that he has assumed the mantle for a generation. Yet his aged goes far beyond these confessions. The jokes he has accumulated tell part of the story—three in country corners, two for folk singer and one for composer of the year. "The only guess I fit into" says McLauchlan, "is that of songwriter. To me, one of a group, working in a new style that draws from folk, country, rock, whatever. John Prine, Danny O'Keefe, Tim Wexley, Steve Goodman, Louisa Wainwright, Jackson Browne, Randy Newman—I don't know what you'd call it."

Unique will do. McLauchlan's songs have immortalized themselves into amazingly diverse lives. The crowd in Ottawa was typical—gracefully greying academics, straddled hippies, canteen cowboys, students in bar, students data processors and local grime Bruce Cockburn. About a third spoke French. The first few notes of each song would elicit applause—some different groups. "I try to project myself into other people's situations," he says. "I pay close attention to the way people behave, what they surround themselves with, how they move. I just put myself in their place. One *Who's in the Pool*, for example, is a song I wrote for my mother about the death of my father. I was writing a musical called *The Wid-*

ow's Waltz while I was in L.A. and it's one of several songs I wrote in that context. It tries to deal with mourning."

If McLauchlan's steps into hard rock were misread, so was his slipping out. Eighteen months ago, midway into a national tour with his longtime band on board, the Silver Tractors, McLauchlan pulled the plug. He cancelled the remainder of the tour, pulled some bookings and his wife Margaretta drove his Volvo into a car and set out for parts unknown. "The band and I wanted to go in different directions. We were into high, Ohio sounds, anger and violence. I figured I'd go as far as that direction as I wanted to go," he says, running a large hand through his hair. "One night, we were in a hotel in a big city—hours and hours of boredom before only by moments of sheer terror, which are the gigs themselves. You never meet anybody, you just get interviews. You drink, because you're always nervous. Nothing whatever happens to loosen you up. I had to take some time away, to have some experiences other than the road. I don't want to write about the road—I'll leave that to Jackson Browne." McLauchlan disappeared from the music scene—he surfaced to play only three times last year. "Maybe it was early menopause, I don't know," he grins. "All in the same brief time span I blew out of the rock and roll business, went on an extended sabbatical, turned 30 and bought a house. It was a year of violent change for me."

Now he is back with a vengeance. His new album, *Whispering Rose*, is something special. From its delightfully ambiguous reflections-and-rain jacket (by sculptor Michael Haydon) to what's inside, the record is not one step forward but several. The arrangements are more considered and melodic than ever, as McLauchlan's first shot at producing it may be a lucky accident but is no less brilliant for that. Record buyers apparently came after only 16 weeks *Whispering Rose* turned gold, and with airplay just beginning, seems a good bet for platinum status.

Midway into his three-month cross-country tour, McLauchlan has never been more thoroughly is concerned. In Ottawa he delivered two of the finest performances of his life, back to back. A week later on home turf in Toronto's Massey Hall, he rose above a subversively stilled sound system to deliver the goods again. At the peak of his form, McLauchlan is amazing—quite literally.

Accompanied by his skilled bassist Dennis Pendrith and a skeletal road crew, McLauchlan flies in each city on the tour at the wheel of a leased Piper Anzani. "Learning to fly was a confidence builder for me," he explains. "I wasn't sure I could still learn something completely new." He reflects for a moment,

and adds: "There is also a certain amount of the mortality, 'If you're scared to fly you're scared to die, and if you're scared to die you're scared to live'."

Already established as the New England crowd at clubs like New York's Bottom Line, McLauchlan is poised for wider horizons. He and manager Bernie Finkelman are currently jockeying several deals for American distribution of *Whispering Rose*. Clearly excited about the possibilities, he only back in his chair to reiterate. "In a general political or artistic sense, I think it's impor-

tant for people like me to go out and work internationally, to compete for an audience on that scale. Maybe to prove we're as good as they are. But there's also a specialness occurring in Canadian music—and it is being recognized internationally, the more way the Canadianians become known for making incredible music. The more of us that go out, work and come back the better. It's not for nothing that the Beatles were the Q.E.B. He sits up again, restless, scanning the room. "Fresh territory is such a challenge."

Arthur Fuller

IF YOUR CHILD HAD KIDNEY DISEASE YOU'D GIVE A DAMN.

Right, we're asking for money. And more.

We're also asking for your kidneys, after your death. Not a very pleasant topic, we know. But if you suffered from kidney disease, or knew someone that did, you'd be fighting as hard as we are.

Kidney disease strikes any age. And it strikes hard. 100,000 Canadians have kidney disease or related disorders.

But there's hope. Artificial kidney machines are keeping thousands of Canadians alive until we can find them suitable kidneys, or a cure. Unfortunately, there's a desperate shortage of kidneys. And an even more desperate shortage of money for research.

Please help. If you'd like to donate your kidneys after death, or send a donation, please write.



Up, up and away and changing gears

Murray McLauchlan was eight days into his current national tour, playing in a near-capacity house in Ottawa's gloriously spiffy National Arts Centre. Introducing his song *Who'd Would Sleepy Do?*, McLauchlan told a story about another man suffering a Canadiana fetish. Woody Allen. While those disease proceedings was the talk of New York, Allen's estranged wife Louise Lerner was raped in Central Park. Reporters got wind of it and rushed to Allen, to find out what he thought of her being violated. "Know-

ing her," he said, "it probably wasn't a moving violation."

Backstage, McLauchlan came out of the dressing room smiling widely and waving a note. "I've got a live one. This is to let you know that at least two of us were ridiculed and disrupted by your live joke. Rape is far too serious an offense to be joked about." Taking it aside, he objected halfheartedly. "The point of the joke was what an ass Woody was."

It's hardly the first time McLauchlan has been misunderstood. In 1971, he



Keep 'em off the screens

A PERFECT COUPLE
Directed by Robert Altman

A pleasant time is what you get when you don't quite get the real thing. *A Perfect Couple* is a pleasant movie—Altman's halfhearted attempt to make a warm romantic comedy. After 15 movies in nine years (see profile, page 6), lately with as much as three on the burner at once, Altman is fagged out. When you work at that rate there's bound to be some confusion as to what you're doing, not to mention the confusion to turn into a factory. That means falling back on old ideas, retelling your old jokes and generally getting things done just to get them out of the way. With the exception of *A Wedding*, Altman's last five movies don't seem to have had any inspiration behind them; you get a sense of why he wanted to make them. They're not movies—they're fleeting thoughts pouring themselves off as poetry.

The title couple meet by computer dating. Alex (Paul Dooley) comes from a rich Greek family presided over by a quarant father (Tino Vassallo). Sheila (Marta Heflin, playing the frazzled, goggle-eyed role formerly reserved for Shelley Long) is a singer in a rock band called Keepers. "Em Off the Screens and Live in a Warehouse" is in L.A.'s Little Tokyo with the band (which includes two lesbians and a grotesquely fat guy). Alex's father conducts classical music playing on the living room stereo while the family sits listening in fright and

horror, looking doubtful. His sister (the wonderful Belita Moreno) has a heart condition and, like Alex, wants to escape the patriarchy. As maw (Henry Gibson, repeating his creep role from *The Long Goodbye*) wants them out for gender reasons. The lead singer in the band (Ted Neeley, in the roguish-hand-some-brave Kelly Cardinale role from *Newlyweds*) is giving Sheila a hard time. The characters never get much further than chit chat.

Lightly glancing over the oddity of a young rock singer having to go to a computer dating service, it's easy to appreciate the premise that great romantic matches are often mismatches. Sheila and Alex fall in love because of all the obstacles in their way, not despite them. While listening to a symphony at the Hollywood Bowl, they're rained out, slip

into some slapsack, she gets a cold, he gets what for from his father and so on. She later knocks him out cold with a poker and then fapts herself, interspersed with the marriage are the band's rehearsals (the best thing in the movie) and a strange couple who keep appearing as guardian angels of sorts (the Sally Kellerman role in *Breaker McCloud*). What Altman and Allan Nichols have written is a first-draft screenplay, and Altman is too married to do anything with the material. He doesn't care for the characters, so little that he callously knocks off Alex's sister toward the end. There's no emotional resonance. How can there be? The movie's an old cuffed chocolate romance. *A Perfect Couple* is a painless, innocuous little thing, a piece of fluff. It's time for Altman to take some time out to think before he burns himself out—if he hasn't already.

Laverne O'Toole

Read the book, flee the movie

THE BELL JAR
Directed by Larry Peiner

In June, 1952, between her junior and senior years at Smith College, Sylvia Plath served as a guest managing editor at *Mademoiselle* magazine in New York. Later that summer she suffered a nervous breakdown and spent several months in a mental hospital, returning to Smith at the beginning of the spring semester. In 1963, she published *The*



Harriet on Plath: Mondo Lirio

THE GENTLE WHISKY

5 year old Very Mild.
Blended and aged
to a velvet softness.





This fascinating magazine helps your 7-12 year old get to know what's special about being Canadian.

"Readers of *Western Canadian*... drawings and text describe the national life of five different Indian tribes: People, The Great of Council, CCH presents an ongoing series based on the story of the United Nations. Look at the 'The American West'—what is the value of the stories we tell ourselves while we read? 'Western Legends' have often made us the nation of the sun (and people desire of color in our southern stars). 'Down to Earth'—the Sun's personal adventures bring us a series of stories related to CCH readers in every issue. 'The Family Tree'—make it a habit, writing which helps you see yourself in... and many others.

"Children from Newfoundland to the Arctic will be thrilled to discover their local games, heroes and hobbies written up in *Canadian Children's Magazine*. . . We can't think of a better way to make \$5 really count."—Michelle Landsberg, *Chinatown*.

Four times a year—\$5.00

Canadian Children's
magazine

439 Borden Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V8S 1S2

Bell Jar, a lightly fictionalized account of her early troubles and, a month after its publication, committed suicide—by blowing her head in an oven.

The novel's remarkable achievement is its blending of two aspects that might at first seem contradictory, an ability to portray each remembered or imagined moment of that summer with crystal clarity and a sense of eerie compassion looked at the strange and familiar person each one of us was years ago. It's an ability to live in both the past and the present, to be both inside the head and outside the burned cell of Esther Greenwood, *Flaubert* after you. It makes *The Bell Jar* a poignant and funny book. With one breath we grasp at Esther's many suicide attempts, with the next we explode with laughter at this A-student's degeneration in researching the 51 varieties of self-destruction. At one moment we are thinking, "This is the awful truth", at the next—up the next—moment, we sigh and say, "Ah, youth."

A new movie purports to be based on Flaubert's marvelous and potentially cinematic, little novel. From all internal evidence, it is not *Sooner*—perhaps screenwriter Marjorie Koffsky (TV's *Mr. T*) *You Love Me, You Love Me*) or director Larry Peerce (Goodbye, Columbus)—mistake *The Bell Jar* for one of the turbulent adolescent romances Sylvia Plath may well have edited at *Midwinter*. The story's locale has been changed from Esther's mind and heart to the green of a lumpy cheerleader. As played by Marilyn Hauer (in one of the major bad performances of our generation), Esther is a mass of alternating girlish giggles and great elegant sighs. Virtually every character has been turned into a phony predictor, pointing for Esther either to sell out or put out. And whereas Esther's collapse, as described in the book, was largely attributable to being refused entrance to a first-level writing seminar, in the movie she breaks down after too many unrolling mannequins into the twin cities of Michael and Monica Leeb. Read the book. Fire the movie.

Richard Corliss

Last tango at Radio City

THE PROMISE
Directed by Gilbert Cates

Five seasons to see *The Promise* is a little story about a handsome young architect (Stephen Collins) and a beautiful young artist (Kathleen Quinlan) who were just then just narrative since *Great Expectations*

Quinlan, Collins, meets to be broken

In just the first 35 minutes, Quinlan falls in love with Collins, is told by his snooty mother that they can't marry, slaps with him anyway, is heartily disfigured in a car accident, makes a pact with her mother never to see him again if Mom will pay for plastic surgery and endures a painful operation to save her life. Even more impressive is the fact that these events aren't appropriated from a Barbara Cartland novel, but were dreamed up by producers Fred Westraugh and Paul Helles, who in the '30s ran Greenwich Village's chic *Bitter* and *Midnight*. Now there's a metaphor for the '70s.

2. Kathleen Quinlan, who was so lovely and moving in *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, will be a major star someday. She has the classic features of a young Elizabeth Taylor and the budding talent of a young Katharine Hepburn. When Quinlan rubs it big, you'll want to tell your friends, "She's the great one, but did you see her in that thriller she did back in 1970?"

3. Of all the recent wallflowers in the romantic fiction of doomed or disabled heroines, *The Promise* is the only one that will not elicit a single tear, even from those of us who enjoy contemporary badinage to every woman's movie. And that's a promise.

4. Sooner or later, *The Promise* will turn up on a trivia quiz, as the answer to the question, "What was the last movie to play the Radio City Music Hall?"

5. When, at your next, critics note *The Promise* the Driest Movie of 1970, you may want to know first-hand what all the pointing was about.

Richard Corliss



How to own a dry copier and still keep your head above water.



With the birth of the Gestetner PFT1 comes something very new to the world of dry copiers. Affordability. As of now, you can own a compact, highly efficient, fool-proof dry copier that won't drown you in service charges or metre costs. The PFT1 operates on the cold pressure fuse principle and comes to life with the push of a button. Best yet, it delivers the printing quality Gestetner is famous for

without the hassles of liquids or rolled paper.

That brings us to another important feature of the PFT1. Paper is fed to the machine by easy-to-load interchangeable cassettes available in both letter and legal size.

If both space and dollars are at a premium, you owe it to yourself to check out the Gestetner PFT1. It's the best way we know of owning a dry copier and staying afloat at the same time.

For further information, look us up in the phone book and give us a call. Or mail in the coupon.

Mail to: Gestetner (Canada) Ltd., 849 Dan Mills Rd., Dan Mills, Ont. M3C 2W1

☐ I want to see the Gestetner PFT1. Call me to arrange a demonstration.

☐ I want more information about the Gestetner PFT1.

Name
Company
Address
City Province
Postal Code Phone No.

Gestetner
An idea whose time has come. Again.

Bone beneath skin

THERE'S A TRICK WITH A KNIFE I'M LEARNING TO DO. Poems 1963-1978 by Michael Ondaatje (McClelland & Stewart \$25.95)

These poems dance on cliffs, flourish as danger. Michael Ondaatje can be as domestic as anyone, but even his poems of love and home usually show a skull beneath the fleshy skin. When he hugs his son, O-



ndaatje calls it a "dark square of death." Jeopardy, one of many poems in which he displays an intimate comprehension of anatomy, sets children's games with a

dog against the dog's own dreams of blood. The trick is to see splendor in the midst of death, even when we're at the Ondaatje's while his poems are in the



Ondaatje, a gift for the killing image

the living cut of a 40-man gold mine. His country's prospering a stage version of Slaughter for Theatre Press. He has like his wife Kim also made films and recently turned Robert Kroetsch's novel Ondaatje into a feature-length screenplay. Is a producer would only like it. Ondaatje notes the ending would be simple: Northrup Frye (a words master) and Eddie Snodgrass could play the words with a broken spine full of the League of Canadian Poets.

Although Norton in the U.S. and McClelland and Stewart here have taken up the book. Ondaatje remains loyal to the best presses of Canada which he writes "are not our main source of good poetry." In his spare time he adds books for Coach House Press. A word away from the milk floor of ocean. The plantations and parish dogs of childhood and Ceylon. Ondaatje has come to see our landscapes and people with the gravity eye of a photographer. "Photos," he says, "are pieces to interpret things." So are his poems.

Mark Abley

Amibose's vision with a few lines on the '30s country-fair circuit. He used a few tricks.

grass/Belly of the beautiful bones/ prepared before stars.

This volume contains the best of two of Ondaatje's earlier collections, published in 1967 and 1973, as well as 19 new poems. The 1967 poems are precursors and sometimes good; those of 1973 are often very good, most of the new ones are a joy. Never a bad poet, Ondaatje has grown to be one of the finest in a country whose reputation rarely depends on the sheer quality of work. He has always had a gift for the telling image, now there is a richness, a meliorism, an alertness to complicated truths. Though "he" was sentimental, like a crowd, there is no excuse for shunning emotions. Poems about his wife, friends and children are sprinkled throughout, and recently Ondaatje has begun to face directly his vanished Asian childhood. A visit to India and Ceylon in 1976 inspired some of the loveliest poems in the book. He has learned how to unscramble without resorting to the Gothic bravado and gore that occasionally stains his prose.

The trick is to appear relaxed and intense at once. When with Ondaatje is hardly evoking pain, a sense of humor almost never deserts him. Sometimes he wanders from tale to tale, yet the endings have a stunning elegance. In the service of his childhood the terror/after-shock mood play and moral stories have not been about the suffering of his for the rest of their lives. This is the poetry of daily speech, a poetry of the myth by which we live. The trick is to cut away the varnish with words as haunting as memory. Ondaatje has learned what to do.

Mark Abley

From cigars to riches

AS IT HAPPENED by William S. Pines (Doubleday \$10.95)

William Paley's father was a Russian Jew who emigrated to Chicago in 1888 at the age of 13. By 1910 the older Paley made himself a millionaire selling La Paloma cigars, the trade mark a pun on the family name. Cabanard for cigar-likes. Son William was a study's gift millionaire in his early 30s, a rich playboy who worked now and then for the old man's cigar company. In 1930 he was jumped off the parental lap to buy a failing network of 16 radio stations for \$275,000, which he gradually renamed the Columbia Broadcasting System. As late as 1975 William Paley still owned most of it—1,668,375 CBS shares, \$20 apiece.

After sailing through the Depression—radio was free entertainment—Paley began the slow debauching of his largest rival, NBC, by stealing their radio performers (Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Signor Benny's Answer Show, all in the 1930s season). Talent raids became Paley's M.O. for decades—in 1948 the biggest radio star was Jack Benny. His NBC program had the highest rating in radio history. Paley couldn't offer Benny gratitude at G.O., but his corporate lawyers found a way to offer much larger checks of "keeping money" to big stars—the price on which CBS finally

swung into radio victory over NBC. In the post-war years in the U.S., earned income above \$79,000 was taxed at 77 per cent. How could top stars keep more money? Convert future earnings into present capital gains, which were taxed at only 25 per cent. CBS would buy a "company" from a radio star for cash. The property might be a "radio show concept" that cost the star nothing. Let's say the star sold it for \$1 million—taxed at 25 per cent, the star kept a whopping \$750,000, twice the keeping money he would make but he earned the million over a five-year period. The

Smooth and friendly

Morgan White

Pure clear Morgan White. A great companion to any rice. Soft and smooth over ice. Make friends soon.

Our tested and quality guaranteed by Seagram's.



when making these moves in Henry's name. He dropped to CBS, and the other bright lights at NBC soon followed.

As profits show, Paley had golden instincts about mass entertainment. He presided over the flowering of CBS news during World War II, when radio remained king of air in the nation. At Edward R. Murrow, Paley rolled out the successful TV shows of the '50s and '60s, when CBS was king of the junk pile, he took care to mitigate the video shock by toasting in high-quality programs like *Playhouse 90* and *Oceanic*.

In his strictly guarded private life, Paley was ruled by that wary quality. He amassed a multimillion-dollar collection of French Impressionists and bought lavishly decorated estates on Long Island and on Lyford Cay in the Bahamas. His second wife, Bette Paley, for years named the best-dressed women in America, was another quality acquisition. About William Paley the man, he tells us on page 2 of this memoir, he will say nothing. The promise is kept. The interested reader must turn to other volumes for a glimpse of the private Paley, as in Robert Mott's *CBS Reflections in a Bloodstained Eye* (1976). Here are the CBS/CIA scandals, the mysterious woman who jumped to her death at the age of 38 from a Detroit hotel room that contained letters addressed to Paley (here in his hypochondria, the unnecessary surgery, the media blip afraid to ride alone in taxis, the three-month absences from the office while Paley agonized with the world's wealthiest elite, the bitterness of CIA associates dumped after years of service or

A good book is hard to find

THE HABIT OF BEING
by Florence O'Connor
Edited by Sally Fitzgerald
(McGraw-Hill Random: \$10.95)

Often it's assumed, and sometimes taken as a badge of serious intentions, that artists in the 20th century, like Joyce's Stephen Daedalus, must shake the circumstances of home and forth. The letters of Florence



O'Connor and her spouse on the steps of home. Left and right: food cake and wine.

O'Connor are remarkable not only because they illuminate the life of an outstanding author of short stories and novels, but also because they confirm that loyalty to religion, religion and religion doesn't have to impede art.

"Religion is a condition of survival," O'Connor wrote to one of her friends, and for her, it was especially so. During most of her creative life she suffered the torments of an inscurable disease, lupus erythematosus. Although she had studied in Iowa and had lived in Connecticut, she returned to Springfield, Georgia, in late 1960, and lived there with her mother. Until her death at the age of 38 in 1964, writing letters was a way of "existing with people."

The publication of letters is questionable to some but the appearance of these is hushable. Fitzgerald has edited scrupulously, providing notes that are informative and never in the way. Moreover, the letters underscore O'Connor's unconsciousness as a writer—not just as a crippled woman, with an abiding fondness for the Catholic Church and birth. The correspondence—to friends, agents, editors, fellow writers and the requiring public—is enriched by an unending desire to make things clear: small matters, such as the mechanics of galleries, cover art and getting paid, as well as questions of faith

Although she declined any skills as a novelist or as "creative director," her discussions of Catholicism are rigorously thought out and expressed. She regarded drama as "the guardian of mystery," but was impatient with many parties and maintained a belief that was merely demanding. The more thoughtful the letters, can be positively precise or vividly editorial. In her letters she strove "to go through the concrete situation to some experience of mystery." In her letters, she stops to comment on the hard help new to the manner of Miss North Georgia Chick or television. "We saw Oswald killed three times, twice in slow motion." She talks about God, the saints and angel-food cake mixes. "All you do is split as if something and put on an angel-food cake."

Except occasionally and then, jokingly, O'Connor does not talk about her illness, apparently granting herself no more license than she would critics who make more than is necessary or tasteful out of it. "My lips has a business in literary considerations," but, as a reader, she frequently enjoyed sharing opinions of the books she read. Marjorie, John Hawkes, and Conrad she adored but she disparaged the sentimental and self-indulgent. About Agnès Reed, she wrote, "She makes Shirley Spillane look like a miserably." O'Connor predicted that there would be no biographies of her because, "Loves spent between the house and the chicken yard do not make exciting copy." Her own letters contradict her. David Livingstone

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION**
1. *World of Remembrance*, Wood (2)
 2. *Overland*, Meyer (1)
 3. *A Very Particular Lady*, LeMaire (2)
 4. *Condemned*, Galt (1)
 5. *Chapman*, McArthur (4)
 6. *Children of My Heart*, Roy (1)
 7. *The Underdogs*, Weidner (8)
 8. *The Sixth Communion*, DeMott (1)
 9. *Older Child*, (1)
 10. *The Wretched Circle*, Leffler

- NONFICTION**
1. *Lauren Russell*, By Myself, Russell (1)
 2. *My Quebec*, Livingston
 3. *Gender, Living and Living*, Malsbenden (1)
 4. *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, Rut (1)
 5. *A Good Man*, The Centennial
 6. *Peasants of the Century*, Tushnet (2)
 7. *Preparation for the Future*, Newman (1)
 8. *Preparing Your Income Tax*, Nelson, Lockwood (1)
 9. *Recovering the Past*, Gerschlager
 10. *The Book of Results*, Maltbie
 11. *Success Through Control*, Crawford (3)

(1) Previews and lists
Previews and lists of the
Canadian Bookstore Association

If cash flow is your problem



Datamailer™ could be your answer!

The DATAMAILER™ is a new type of document carrier with several important differences. 1. It is a fourth generation mixer, a natural and logical progression of refinement and creativity that has been proven effective, economical and practical. 2. It combines your own computer capability with modern business forms technology to deliver directly into the mails a document that is complete in every detail, 100% confidential, and pre-filled when the payment is returned to you. 3. It speeds up both your billing process and your cash flow, freeing your staff from manual handling operations which are

costly because they are slow and prone to error.

We don't suggest that the DATAMAILER™ is the answer to everybody's forms problems. But for many it works—and we believe there's a good chance it can help make your business more profitable, and give you new promotional opportunities as well. The DATAMAILER™ is available in many variations of construction and uses, as well as colour combinations. We'd like a chance to demonstrate it to you, without obligation, of course.

DATAMAILER™
BUSINESS FORMS

5030 Campus Rd., Mississauga, Ontario L4Y 1A2

or our branches in:
Montreal • Ottawa • Toronto • London •
Calgary • Edmonton • Vancouver

The CBS corporate eye, slightly bloodshot

stashed in the back at board meetings. There is explicit in the contract between the reader and the writer of an autobiography some faith that the writer will be candid. No candid here. Two ghost writers and six researchers are acknowledged by Paley in the preface of this carefully edited, personal diary of CBS publicity. This memoir is not what Paley always demanded: a quality product. William Casselmann

Death in small doses—Riel, we have hanged you again, on a rope of tedium

By William Caseham

May some sealable god of drama give a great space of film and moments, of exaggerations and tentacles, over the TV dramatist who worships historical accuracy. Riel, we have hanged you again, on a rope of tedium. Though hyped to high heaven, this Riel is not drama—it's history narrated by teacher-drones. Paced with a burning purpose, a televisual screen and a narrative Quebec, our play-makers quail, cautious not to offend, and bubble between the camera to twitter softly. Gaze at those old photographs of Louis Riel: he was no penny little step in a frock coat. He cleaved us. He shocked us. We called to his tale. We believed for his blood. Ask the writer, the director, the producer of this where is Riel? Up in heaven, dear, they'll answer, wearing little wings and a white sash.

Riel's companion Ray Moore cramped over his history books, journals and memoirs for one long year. Riel there was a true adversary to tell him how to bring a man back to life. Here's director George Bloomfield anxious above all to show that "Canada has a West." Who else is heard a dramatic word. So vulgar American shoot-on-us resolution for careful George, but a slow exposition of fact, not cuts and intricate but paragraphs of film, spoils of doomism. Look, use our Gattling gun—exact replica—1,200 rounds a minute. Producer John Turturro wants this lamb was "the most exciting story in Canadian history." Riel shepherd be.

Still, pity, a company of our best Canadian actors once again struggles to make quick a dead script. Christopher Plummer grabs the ghost of Sir John A. Macdonald and, glibly by syllable, answers it into life. This year TV lets bravely romp down the prime ministerial pulpit, though someone has decided the horse-borne schools will not be red.

As working shoelaces go, old John A. was a ring-master and so much port-wine. He reads a petition from Riel

"My God, he's suggesting separation." To keep his crewed country together "no price is too great." The Riel's bare names your heart to penitence. The Riel's nose cracks your neck like a dry stick.

Montreal's Jean-Louis Roux plays Bishop Bourget, a reptile in glittering vestments, weighing every syllable and driven by the same power-lust as Macdonald. First encouraging Riel, Bourget wins becomingly and flings him in the government dogs, when his support might embarrass the church.



Cloutier as Riel, Ray as Dumont; the next may fly the great west

Later the good bishop lies dying and it's time for comfortable reanimation, a last peace where "I once dreamt of a Catholic New France in the West." Riel must be saved. Actor Ruel chimes.

Roger Ray as Gabriel Dumont takes a well-written part and rides with it into our hearts. While Louis Riel dreamed, Dumont rounded up fifteen buffalo bands and made sure they were fired. Roundled by writer and actor with precision, Dumont here is the man of violence who has policed every grade he ever had against life, against himself—"If I'm fat, ugly, poor, of a despised minority, cheated of my right to be, then I shall kill to get back however little I can."

There are sharp angles between Riel (Raymond Cloutier) and Dumont. When he journeys to Manitoba to renounce Riel to Banquo after years of exile, Dumont glimpses the growing mystical flame swirling Louis's eyes. Dumont is startled, dignified, it's redoubtless his loyalty. "You are one man-of-a-birth and I may be another," Dumont,

above all others, reviled the dramatist's engine. Leaving his leader to pray alone on his knees in a stand of white birch trees, Dumont says gently to him: "You and God talk to each other 24 hours a day. Let Him catch his breath."

Louis Riel was so much trouble for the writer of this play as he proved to be in life for John A. Macdonald. Repetitions from the hanging haunted the old Father of Confederation, indeed from the Conservatives out of office for years. Along with the author's conception of the lead, the major failure of this film is the casting of Riel. I simply couldn't believe Raymond Cloutier when his Riel proclaims, "I am God's instrument." Cloutier's tight, peaty, selfless face conveys no made prophet, no vision, no exiled schoolmaster. Everybody here is frantic not to make Riel a real Riel, to some degree, he was Shaw's.

Although he married and fathered two children, Riel has no sex life in this play. His Marguerite in a beachward setting allowed

to place beside prison bars and no more. Surely the lady had some influence on the man. If it is not in the records, let the writer imagine it. In good historical plays, like John Osborne's *Letter to Robert Bells A Man for All Seasons*, we admire not the correct history but that writer's faculty that embodies the record, then adds just it into magical realism, making from old clay a new man, a historical figure that we can know. Good dramatic taste chooses with their heroes of the past—better choices as in Peter Weiss's *The Investigation*, even sentimental choices like Dore Schary in *Summit of Gaspereaux*. This play is so obsessed with what happened, it leaves aside why and how and to whom.

But this is not our last Riel. The next may fly. The ghost waits.

RCL
Developed by George Bloomfield
(22C, April 15 and 17, 3:30 p.m.)



The Shopper's Gallery



From the same technology which insulated man in outer space comes a new type of garment...

SUPERJACKET II

The Action Jacket for people on the go!

You are invited to test wear it free for 15 days. THE SUPERJACKET II's current lining is the same type of material that was developed for the space program. It keeps body heat in cold out—without bulk or weight. You'll also find the fantastic freedom you feel when you toss on the smart-looking, versatile jacket to run to the store, play a game of golf, lead a whopper on a fishing trip, or just put it in your back yard. It's so incredibly light in weight you won't believe how heavy warm it keeps you—even when the temperature plunges.

You no longer need a wardrobe full of jackets for different seasons. The Superjacket II takes you through all of them—spring, summer, fall and even winter—in absolute warmth, comfort and style. It's the one jacket you'll reach for again and again—the one you'll take along all trips, which you'll get used to this weather will be two—and the Superjacket II folds compactly—takes up just a small corner of your suitcase.

What's more, it's 100% water-repellent, so you can wear it in rain, snow, sleet, fog—in a blizzard that won't weaken suit or matter how many times you toss it in the washing machine and tumble dry it. And because this washable, flunk of all the money you'll save at cleaning bills.

Great for all outdoor activities. You'll wear it hiking, riding, boating, golfing, fishing, boating, gardening, and more—whatever you do that takes you outdoors.

Note these features for all outdoor comfort and good looks



WE AT THE SUPERJACKET II FREE FOR 15 DAYS... WITH NO OBLIGATION TO BUY. ONLY \$19.95 PLUS \$1.50 SHIPPING & HANDLING.

15 DAY FREE EXAMINATION

The Shopper's Gallery 181 University Avenue Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A7		You will receive a new wardrobe of action. Bring me your wardrobe. Instead send me Superjacket II for 15 days and return it to me. Instead return to \$19.95 plus \$1.50 shipping & handling. If I am not completely satisfied, return it within 15 days.	
Size & Weight <input type="checkbox"/> 12-14 (100 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> 14-16 (120 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> 16-18 (140 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> 18-20 (160 lbs)		Color & Pattern <input type="checkbox"/> Navy <input type="checkbox"/> Grey <input type="checkbox"/> Black <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Red <input type="checkbox"/> Blue	
Letter Size <input type="checkbox"/> S (100 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> M (120 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> L (140 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> XL (160 lbs)		Letter Size <input type="checkbox"/> S (100 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> M (120 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> L (140 lbs) <input type="checkbox"/> XL (160 lbs)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Check enclosed <input type="checkbox"/> Check enclosed <input type="checkbox"/> Personal check		<input type="checkbox"/> Check to Money Order enclosed <input type="checkbox"/> Payment to Shopper's Gallery <input type="checkbox"/> Charge my Credit Card	
Account Number _____		<input type="checkbox"/> Charge my Credit Card <input type="checkbox"/> Charge	
NAME _____			
ADDRESS _____			
CITY/TOWN _____ PROV. _____ CODE _____			
TEL. NO. _____		SENDING TIME _____	
Please allow 2 weeks for delivery.			

Sometimes it's tough to tell the would-be PM from a guy up on a hubcap-stealing rap

By Alan Fotheringham

There really hasn't been anything like it since Harry Houdini looked himself in a coffin and had it lowered into the Hudson River. If one of the more audacious election strategies in history is to succeed, it will mean that Joe Clark's intellect, such as it is, will remain suspended below water until May 22. If that feat is possible, he will be our next prime minister, his waterlogged brain then ready to be exposed to the scrutiny of a Canadian public in the verge of sleeping soundly.

There have been stranger ways of picking a leader, and there have been other gimmicks: narrowly out-died, probably. It is now that in the Age of Enlightenment, when the dreaded moments of communications supposedly rule the world, never has so little of an Opposition leader's campaign been exposed to the cruel light of day.

The Clark technique (actually the technique of the Clark handlers, since he is being supervised as closely as a Labrador sent out to find duck decoys in a Saturday morning field trial) is, of course, to give the impression of accessibility while actually manipulating him through the day with the gentleness of a windup toy. Here in Clark on a campaign day in Winnipeg: A taped interview with the CBC, the press watching via closed circuit in a separate building. A return to his hotel for rest and recuperation. A meeting with a local media's radio station. A return to the hotel. A half-hour drive to an evening Hawaiian band, an appearance before cheering party faithful that lasts barely 30 minutes and the half-hour drive back. Perfect strategy. Not a single member of the general public answered (for that would be unpredictable).

The nervousness approaching panic among the handlers who have sent this guy "winning the race" is obvious to be explained, it is well justified. Clark, like that windup toy he so frequently imitates,

is all jerks and neo-ordained movements, an affliction that often extends to his tongue. In his desire to envelop even the simplest thought in a vocabulary that seems to have been borrowed from a Victorian dictating machine, he sometimes disappears into the murky depths of his own circumlocution. Liberal strategy all along has been to force Joe Clark to open his mouth, the party being content in the knowledge that sooner or later the fazzal confusion that enters his mouth will escape into pure air. The Tory strategy,



equally, is to prevent him from expressing his incoherent uncertainties by surrounding him with the closest guard state Lee Harvey Oswald was transferred from prison. When Clark enters a room with litigant his agents around him, it is hard to tell whether he's running for prime minister or is up on a hubcap-stealing charge.

At his off-the-record breakfasts (one way to enable the press to talk to them while not allowing them to print anything), Chief of Staff Bill Neville sits on one side of him, Press Secretary Donald Deple sits on the other, both going intently into their scrambled eggs with the intensity of two men who share their job here in as long as his next fractured syntax. Jim Cullen, the amiable and able Tory financial expert who, unfortunately for Clark, is retiring from politics, has been assigned to be outside on the Clark job, lurking nearby at every stop. Ready to step in here, hand over the leader's mouth whenever the discussion surges past the

multiplication tables. The Tories, finally mortified at their Major James Amater Hour performance as Clark's round-the-world-on-80-day tour, have recruited yet another bodyguard, Toronto insurance executive Bill McAllen, who probably makes about the droops of this present cargo. Attempting to make sure that no underwear has gone missing and the key to the windup toy is safe in Neville's hip pocket.

None of this artificial manipulation should be disguised. Since all is fair in love and politics, and Joe Clark, exceptionally, caustic, self-indulgent, happens to be winning this election. Pierre Trudeau, who is as unmanageable in public as Clark is programmed, is flailing about in search of some lukewarm portion of the population he has not yet insulted. The handlers of the Clark entry know that if they carefully shepherd their speechless automation through the next five weeks without a single unprogrammed event they have the throne room. There is rigid adherence to the Doomsday

Scenario, much scurrying about to give the impression of energy—all so Joe can spend long periods back at the hotel room where, presumably, he is recharged, re-programmed, re-energized. There are long hours when absolutely nothing is going on, except when there is Clark on a Windsor, Ontario, hotbox show. At the last moment it is announced he will be interviewed but calls from interviewers will be accepted. It is why the Tories have got themselves into their first big fix of the campaign—the terrified attempt to keep Clark away from a head-on TV debate with his opponents. It cannot be controlled, contrived, rehearsed. Their man would have to stand up there alone, without that key in his back.

The Tories have a flinging little bundle of dynamite here which they are carrying so nervously you can see their hands tremble as they trimmer off the "big is big" with the trigger. No, no, no, they must discriminate. They hope not. You can hear their praying.



Bolshoi The Vintage Vodka.

Bolshoi, The smoothest vodka you can buy. Because part of our exclusive process is allowing it to mellow for 8 full years. Bolshoi is so smooth, so mellow, it makes the perfect vodka martini. And what better test of vodka is there?

Mellowed two full years for incomparable smoothness

CRAVEN "A"

FILTERS BEST

for good taste in smoking!



The gentle art of milder smoking

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette—King Size Filter: "Tar" 13 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg. Regular Filter: "Tar" 8 mg. Nic. 0.5 mg.